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D A R I E N;

OR,

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS," "MEMOIRS OF PRINCE
RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS," "REGINALD HASTINGS,"
&c., &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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D A R I E N ;
OR,
THE M E R C H A N T P R I N C E.

CHAPTER III.

The soul oppress'd puts off its robe of Fear,
And warlike stands, in warlike armour dighted ;
And whensoever the Wrong'd would be the Righted,
There always have been, always must be minds
In whom the Power and Will are found united.

Child of the Islands.

SUCH was the condition of the Spanish Main when Alvarez was approaching it. Gradually his mind had assumed something of the character of his associates, or rather his passion for revenge had been led into the same channel. The more he brooded

on his wrongs, the more he became convinced that fate had placed him among the enemies of Spain in order to indulge his passion. His imagination was wrought upon by the stories of the great Buccaneers, who had become famous on those seas. Of the terrible Montbara, who, nerved to vengeance by the Indians' wrongs alone, had acquired the epithet of the "Exterminator," before he reached the age of twenty; of Pierre le Grand, who, with a mere fishing-boat, had fought and captured one of the wealthiest galleons of Spain, and returned to Europe enriched for life; of Alexander of the Iron Arm; of the subtle Rock; of the ferocious L'Olonois; and many other heroes of the Spanish Main, of whom the hardy Buccaneers spoke with respect and admiration.

Alvarez was at that age when the passions most easily take fire from the enthusiasm of others, and has least sense of what lies beyond the present hour, ambushed in the future. Secluded as he had hitherto

been from all sources of excitement, his whole suppressed youth and boyhood seemed to burst forth at once. A thirst for action, intensified by vengeance, became hourly more stimulating to his fiery Moorish blood. In his eagerness to meet an enemy, he could scarcely rest. He would watch the horizon for hours, with straining eyes, and then resume his hurried walk along the deck, with downcast looks, and firm-set teeth, as if endeavouring to repress the passion which devoured him. At length one morning, just after dawn, a cry of joy broke from him. He beheld a sail, and it was such a one as a thousand questions had taught him to expect and long for. She approached rapidly, and her lofty spars and taut rigging soon announced her as a man-of-war. The excitement amongst the crew of the buccaneer became intense, as a black ball was run up to her mast-head,—and the next moment a broad bunting, of crimson and yellow, spread widely on the breeze. A cheer of trium-

phant defiance welcomed the well-known signal of a Spanish galleon. Instant preparations were made for action on board the buccaneer; the guns were loaded and double shotted, with a celerity which proved long-practised skill in the business of death. The lofty and lighter sails were taken in, every impediment along the decks was carefully removed; and all this was done with a zeal and dispatch which showed that every man's heart was in his work. Alvarez, otherwise unoccupied, patrolled the deck with rapid and impatient steps; but when the enemy opened her fire, and her shot began to tell, the captain ordered every man but the helmsman to go below. Alvarez complied, however, reluctantly, for the Buccaneer's discipline was too stern to allow a moment's hesitation. He diverted his own suspense by observing how that of his comrades' acted on their several natures: some drank brandy,—though, for once, in moderation; some chewed gunpowder, and some even betook

themselves to prayer ; but none made any comment upon their neighbour's conduct, nor had they much time to do so. A blast of the captain's bugle made them rush on deck, and in an instant every man was at his gun. The captain sprang to the tiller, unexpectedly put his helm down, and ran athwart the bows of his enemy : by the same manœuvre the ship's topsails were taken aback, and she lost way. The enemy had also taken in sail, and came on but slowly, but still had way enough to run foul of the *Buccaneer*, whose bowsprit crashed in between the enemy's masts, and remained fixed there ; just before the ships joined, Lawrence poured in his broadside, raking the galleon fore and aft, and causing dismal confusion. At the same moment the *Buccaneers* rushed in by the bows of the galleon, which in those days were low and unprotected. When the word to board was given, Alvarez was the first to spring into the Spaniard's ship, frantic with excitement and deadly wrath :

such leading never lacks willing followers ; as fast as they could trample over the dead and dying, the invaders swept the Spaniard's deck. The captain of the Buccaneer quickly led on a reinforcement, battened down the hatches,—and almost in less time than it takes to tell, the Spanish ship was won ! But the carnage did not cease, for the Buccaneers gave no quarter, and the Spaniards asked it not ; each man fighting with desperation until he died.

By slow degrees, at last the infernal clamour ceased ; shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph, and parting prayers, and angry oaths were hushed. Out of ninety stalwart men who, but an hour before, had moved in life, and strength, and hope, nothing now remained except their blood upon the deck, which they had defended to the last. Their mangled corpses were flung into the sea, and their ship was as thoroughly clear of them as if they never had existed.

Then the Buccaneers fell to pillage with wonderful ingenuity and dispatch ; shouts

of exultation from time to time announcing that some rich and rare discovery was made. The spoil proved to be magnificent: not only was the hold of the galleon filled with the richest silks of India, and velvets of Italy, and barrels of rare incense, but many iron chests were found, secured with bars and bolts, and filled with gold ingots and diamonds of immense value.

The prize was a very treasury of wealth and luxury; her arrival would have been welcomed with sensation in the richest city of the world. But now, all belonged to a set of homeless desperadoes, who rioted with fierce glee on the produce of laborious art and honest industry.

Alvarez alone stood aloof from the pillage. Not only did his vengeance seem as if it would be tainted by touching blood-money, but a reaction was already at work within his nobler nature. As long as the maddening excitement of the strife had lasted, he was as unsparing as any buccaneer. Not only the memory of his desolated

home and his murdered parents filled his brain and steeled his heart, but visions of hospitable caciques roasted alive by the Spaniard for cursed gold; women impaled on the same spears with their nursing infants, whole villages of generous and trusting Indians treacherously destroyed,—all these thoughts swarmed in his mind, and seemed to him to render vengeance righteous. But when resistance ceased, he could no longer strike: battle became suddenly changed to murder, and he had eagerly striven to arrest its course. In vain; he became himself an object of attack, and had enough to do to defend his own life. One Indian alone he had rescued from death; and, with this poor creature cowering at his feet, he now stood aloof, with folded arms, scornfully contemplating the work of pillage. It was accomplished in a wondrously short time, and all the treasure was piled up along the deck in rich confusion. The division of the booty, according to custom, took place

upon the spot, for the captor and her prize were about to separate. A hundred lots were ingeniously made by the captain and the ship's clerk : they were as evenly adjusted as possible, for the rejected shares fell to the lot of those who had arranged them. The captain had ten shares—the officers five, four, and two, according to their rank ; the common seamen had only one share each, but the wounded had additional shares according to the severity of their wounds : a lost leg was repaid with ten shares, an arm with six, a hand with two, and so on. In an hour all was done, and the different properties disappeared in detail as rapidly as they had been procured collectively.

Then arose a stormy discussion as to whether they should continue their cruise or proceed at once to the general rendezvous at Tortuga. The argument waxed warm ; and at length it was decided that the captain, who, for reasons of his own, desired to reach Tortuga, should proceed

thither with the prize. The brigantine, under the chief mate, was to continue her cruise, and Alvarez decided to continue on board of her. All the discussion had been carried on with the most democratic freedom of debate; but the moment it was ended, the captain resumed despotic and unquestioned authority. With the same rapidity and energy that characterized all their movements, the ships were cast off and towed apart, the weather being still quite calm. The damages on board of each vessel were repaired; the decks were cleansed from all stains of gore; the wounded were carefully tended; and, before the sun went down, the ships separated, and slowly stood away in different directions.

The sails being trimmed, and the watch set, the Buccaneers on board the brigantine began a fierce carouse. But first, to the astonishment of Alvarez, they knelt upon the deck with uncovered heads, and offered up what seemed a fervent prayer of thanks-

giving ; ending by entreating the blessing of Heaven on their future cruise !

Once more Alvarez resumed his accustomed isolated position on the poop, gazing on the star-spangled sea, which he was never weary of beholding, so deeply did it harmonize with the vague, unbounded aspirations that filled his yearning soul. But now a change had come over him. He had drank deeply of revenge, and he sickened of its fearful satiety. The lofty pursuits to which his young mind had been accustomed ; the noble study of the sciences which are inseparably connected with philanthropy ; the dreams of a happier, holier world, and his hope to be instrumental in the welfare of humanity ;—all these thoughts came back upon him with redoubled force in the silence and beauty of that glorious night. In the fervour of the new resolutions that followed on his meditation, he seized his sword to fling it in the sea ; but it stuck in the scabbard—glued there by the Spaniards’

blood. The Indian whose life he had preserved, alarmed at the movement, attempted to creep away; and that trifling circumstance recalled to him other considerations :

“ Rest there, then,” he exclaimed, as he unhandcd the hilt; “ this poor creature and I may yet require thee for self-defence; but if ever thou art drawn again for a baser cause, may the arm that wields thee wither ! ”

Having partly satisfied his conscience with this vow, he called to the Indian with a voice of gentleness that astonished the poor slave : he gave him some of his own refreshment, which had lain by him almost untasted ; and having assured him of protection, he resigned himself to sleep in a quieter mood than he had known since the fatal evening on which he sailed from the old palace of the Retiro.

CHAPTER IV.

High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep !

FALCONER.

PROFOUND silence now settled over the *Bonne Esperance* and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the license claimed at first from a new-made captain. The watch having drunk almost as deeply as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only startled now and then into wakefulness as the neglected ship came up to the wind and her sails were shaken. But the wind soon died away : the very heavens seemed to be asleep and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain

of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly, wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still, the drunken freebooters slept on ; it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit-like, over the mast-head. The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and all the while a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along, as in a dream.

Suddenly, the wild storm of the Tropics awoke and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapt the gleaming sea in one wide flame : the waves were roused instantly to fury ; but, ever as they rose, their crests were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm : —but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. Instantly, as the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends : the sea rolled over her in all its force : the decks had been strewn with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay : even the watch were only wakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over ; and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvarez, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep ; his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks, and at the same moment that he had become, he knew not how, involved in their orgies. He seemed

to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round, seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents : startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself in the angry sea, with wreck and ruin and destruction all around. Too paralyzed to swim, he almost abandoned himself to death ; but at the same moment he felt himself seized by a vigorous grasp, and dragged through the seething waters, within reach of a floating spar. There, clinging desperately, but still blinded and half-smothered by the waves, he felt gradually propelled onwards, until a comparative lull allowed him to look round. He was under the lee of the wrecked ship, whose masts had been snapped asunder like twigs, and were floating alongside her in a confused and tangled mass. With incredible vigour and address, the Indian steered the spar between the ship's hull and her floating masts, and then, having

made it fast to the former, he relaxed his efforts and looked round him with an air of triumph. To him the water was as natural an element as the land; to him, those who had perished were so many enemies destroyed: his preserver alone remained alive, but the order of obligation was reversed; he was now the patron—the deliverer of his deliverer;—and that proud consciousness swelled his broad breast with manly triumph. And yet all this time he and Alvarez were holding on for their lives under the lee of the wreck, while the storm still shrieked over and around them. The waves, risen to mountain height, now threaten to roll the sheltering hull right over, and now to jamb them against the mass of tangled masts and rigging which floated only a few spars to leeward. Suddenly, some shrouds from above parted, and the ship righted so violently, as to snap the line that held their spar, and the next moment they were drifted to the timbers that formed a sort

of rude and struggling raft. But now Alvarez had recovered his strength and presence of mind, and having divested himself of his cumbrous clothes, he made almost as good use of his opportunities as the Indian. They soon struggled along the shrouds that still attached the floating spars to the ship's lee-chains, and then they found themselves on board and sole masters of the ship. Dismembered of her spars, and buoyant as a cork, she rode the waves gallantly, and the sea-beaten survivors felt themselves in comparative safety.

Daylight soon burst forth from the stormy east with tropical suddenness, and Alvarez could not, in all his misery, but admire the splendour of the scene. The tornado was already subsiding, and the waves assumed a purple hue, here and there dashed in with gold colour from the dawning sunshine, and flecked with the silvery foam that still sparkled on each breaking wave. Ten thousand scattered clouds, like spirits of the storm, bespread

the blue field of sky with their broken battalions in tumultuous but gorgeous confusion, as they fled away before the dawn.

But the exigency of the moment soon diverted the attention of Alvarez to other objects. The ship's deck had been washed clear of every moveable. Nothing but stumps of the masts remained: even the wheel was gone overboard, though still held on to the ship by one of the tiller-ropes, in which the drowned helmsman was tangled and still seemed to struggle in the vexed waters. No other remnant of the crew was to be seen: the wounded in the late action had all gone to the rendezvous in the prize, and every man who could rattle a dice-box, or raise a goblet to his lips, had been on deck where he had fallen asleep when the revel ended.

Alvarez was, therefore, the sole owner of that wealthy ship, which he would then gladly have exchanged for the meanest galley out of Spain. But he soon roused himself, to make the best of his situation.

With great labour he and the Indian contrived to get a top-gallant mast and sail on board, with such cordage as they thought might be most necessary. They then cut away the masts and rigging which encumbered and endangered the ship's side. Their top-gallant sail was soon rigged on its jury-mast; a long tiller was fitted to the rudder; the breeze came fresh and strong from the eastward, and Alvarez had soon the happiness of finding himself once more borne steadily along the waters.

The delight of the Indian knew no bounds; and when Alvarez called him his preserver, and declared him free, he danced wildly about the deck, shouting and singing, and making such extravagant demonstrations of delight, that Alvarez was obliged to reassume all his authority, in order to restrain him.

The day passed swiftly by—each hour becoming brighter, and the air more redolent of the delicious climate they had run into. The trade-wind blew steadily. Pro-

visions of all sorts abounded in profusion, and Andreas (as the Indian called himself) declared that he only wished his present life to last for ever. By the time night came, he had learned to steer with intuitive quickness, and he and his patron relieved each other thenceforth every two hours.

The next morning they saw land under their lee; but it was only the little island of Anegada; and Alvarez determined to hold on for the Island of Haiti, if not for Hispaniola. Many of the lesser islands were reported to be inhabited by Caribs; and the appearance of a lonely Spaniard, or indeed of any white man, would have been the signal for his slaughter.

Three days were thus passed, when Alvarez saw with delight the blue peaks of mountains rising above the watery horizon. He steered for them as directly as he could with a single sail, and by the following morning he found himself only a few miles from one of the loveliest islands in the world.

A balmy breeze wafted him over waters of the most crystal clearness. Many a fathom down he could perceive the rich landscape of the sea, enlivened with myriads of strange fishes glancing to and fro among the coral cliffs, and feathery foliage, and broad waving leaves of gigantic sea-weed. Here and there, breadths of golden sand intervened, with huge shells of all lovely colours gleaming in the watery light. But this paradise of fishes seemed, like all others, to have its demons too; for now and then the huge shadowy form of a shark would glide athwart the subaqueous scenery, and the hideous cat-fish, with its great quivering spiky fins, would steal from some coral cave, and disperse some glittering shoal in all directions, or a mantle-fish spread its wide, black, bat-like fins, and clasp a captive to its stomach-mouth. But all these events only increased the interest with which the young stranger gazed on the watery world, for the first time laid open to his view.

Nor could he long allow his tranced attention to rest upon the scenes below. He had to choose his home in the magnificent island before him, and where he first touched he must remain : but so great was the beauty and the richness of all the country that he saw, that he scarcely cared where his lot might be cast. He left his ship to take her chance, and she drove on gently towards the land, while her careless pilot drank in with greedy eyes the beauty of the land before him. The sea shone on either hand, from far, like molten silver, gleaming out in many a tiny bay from the dark bases of the purpled promontories. Emerald valleys spread away from the water's edge, and suddenly curved up steeply into palm-covered hills, overtopped again by piny mountains, reaching far away until their blue summits almost melted in the bluer sky. Groves of lofty cocoa-trees were grouped among the meadows, each thick with creepers, from whose tangled

verdure hung clusters of purple blossoms. Among the tufted steeps of the hills, sparkling cascades were bursting through the verdant gloom, and hidden again by foliage or gray rocks, until they shone revealed in quiet rivers stealing to the sea. As the ship approached yet nearer to the shore, the mariners could see myriads of parrots and blue doves fluttering from grove to grove, and the air was musical with the songs of innumerable hidden birds, and laden with the fragrance of myriads of flowers. Trees grew to the very water's edge, over which hung tempting fruits making beautiful shadows in the sea.

Still Alvarez held on his course, as close as possible, by this enchanting shore. At one time rocks, at another too thickly matted woods, induced him to keep away. At length a well-sheltered nook, with deep water and silver sands, and high overshadowing rocks, determined his capricious choice; and there he ran his storm-beaten

vessel in, fortunately when the tide was at the full.

Days of anxious labour followed. The coast thereabouts appeared to be quite uninhabited, and Alvarez expected that the first gale of wind would dash his ship to pieces. He believed himself (as indeed he was) in the Island of San Domingo, and he knew that there must be some buccaneers in the neighbourhood, or not very far off. Though he looked to them for future assistance, he was not quite sure that they would respect his newly-acquired property, and he determined to hide away the cargo of the brigantine, so that he might hereafter have recourse to it, if necessary. The Indian, always grateful as at the moment when he was rescued from the pirates' swords, exerted himself, however reluctantly, to the utmost of his power; and in a few days a limestone cave had been cleared out and rudely fortified, hung round with silk and velvets, and its recesses filled with

the more precious articles. All the provisions that would keep were carefully stowed away; and then the cavern was closed up, and the ship made fast to the shore.

CHAPTER V.

Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
The flesh enough ?

Age of Bronze.

ALVAREZ at length felt himself free to sally forth from his fortress and his labours, and to explore the wondrously beautiful world upon which his destiny had thrown him.

His heart bounded as he moved along. Almost a man in years, he was still a child in feeling and experience. Everything was new to him ; above all, the rapturous sense of perfect freedom, which he then, for the first time in his life, experienced. His humble friend, the Indian, felt almost equal

though graver pleasure in being restored to liberty, and to wilds which reminded him of his ancient home. He was one of the Bravos, as the Spaniards called the natives of Darien ; a gallant race, which had alone successfully resisted the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. He was the chief man of his tribe, and had been treated by the Spaniards as an independent prince as long as he remained in his native fortresses, surrounded by his unconquerable people. But in an evil hour he had trusted to Spanish faith, which, though chivalrous towards Christians, was never held binding towards Pagans,—the anathematized of the Pope. On visiting the Spaniards at Portobello, he had been arrested for some imaginary crime committed against the Catholic king. The Spaniards, desirous of securing so formidable an enemy, had demanded a ransom far beyond his power to pay, and had ultimately condemned him as a slave. This man, who was named Andreas, is a historical personage in that time, and

must have possessed character and talents beyond what are usually conceded to savages. He was respected, even among the Buccaneers, for his probity and courage; and he could speak Spanish, French, and a little English, besides his own language. He now devoted himself to Alvarez, with the most faithful but not servile friendship; and long afterwards, in his native mountains, he proved that he did not even then forget what he owed to his preserver.

With this companion, Alvarez set forward to the westward; his pathless way led through scenes of exquisite beauty. Steep ravines, with rushing streams, sometimes impeded his progress; but everywhere he was surrounded by richly flowering shrubs, and often shaded by majestic trees. Verdant valleys were intersected by tall rugged rocks, rendered more picturesque by thickly-clustering parasites, round whose pensile blossoms myriads of beautiful insects hovered; the woods and the very air above him were populous and

vocal with sweet-voiced birds of brilliant plumage. All this was as delightful to the unvitiated taste of the young recluse, as it was new. His love for Nature was virgin and unsophisticated ; her mysterious loveliness was to him as a revelation, and he enjoyed it as with passionate admiration. Nor did his expedition fail in many an adventure that gave life and animation to every step he took. But these we must omit for more practical details.

On the morning of their third day's march, the explorers were descending a thickly-wooded hill, when Andreas suddenly stopped, laid his finger upon his lip, and listened attentively :

“ It is the horn of the Flibustier ! ” at length he exclaimed ; and moved on as if quite satisfied. As they emerged upon the plain, they beheld the buccaneer in his primitive and most innocent character—that of a hunter.

There were half-a-dozen of these people gathered round a huge wild boar, which

lay still gasping in the agonies of death. Wild, fierce men they seemed, with beards unshaven and faces bronzed almost to a negro's hue. A leathern cap, with a long peak in front,—a blood-stained leathern tunic, worn loosely over cotton drawers, which reached only to the knee,—with buskins made of undressed leather, composed their whole attire. A long musket, and a formidable hunting-knife, with a powder-horn and bullet-bag, and a small bugle suspended from the neck, constituted the remainder of their equipments. Three huge bloodhounds, such as used to chase the Indians, even through running water, by the scent, lay upon the grass, with outstretched tongues, and eyes glaring on the dying boar.

Alvarez paused for some time to contemplate these strange beings, whose story was so rife in European ears. He then advanced fearlessly from the shadow of the trees. As soon as he showed himself, the hounds started up, and rushed towards

him ; the hunters, too, sprang to their feet, and instinctively looked to the priming of their muskets ; then, observing that the strangers were but two, they called off their hounds, in a voice like the roaring of a buffalo ; and when the brutes reluctantly desisted from their meditated onslaught, the men flung themselves once more upon the ground, and resumed the appearance of careless ease. Alvarez addressed them in French ; explained in a few words his relationship to their comrades ; described the battle, the separation of the two ships, and the wreck of the brigantine. He did not, however, think it necessary to speak of the safety of the ship's cargo, but declared that he was able and willing to pay liberally for their services and assistance in procuring him a passage to Carthagen.

The Buccaneers welcomed him cordially. Every man on board the brigantine had been well known by them, and they briefly and emphatically regretted their loss ; but they spoke of the catastrophe with a cha-

racteristic apathy or stoicism which they seemed to have derived, with other habits from the aborigines of the island. They proposed to Alvarez to conduct him to their boucan; and leaving four of their number with their *engagés*, or slaves, to convey the carcass of the boar, the other two proceeded towards the sea, at a pace which tasked the utmost powers of Alvarez to maintain. At length they reached their village, consisting of a few rude huts and light tents; these, however, together with the climate, were sufficient to furnish them with all the shelter they required. One of the largest of these sheds was a storehouse, where they kept provisions ready to exchange with passing ships for brandy and gunpowder,—their only foreign necessities. Wild honey, and cassava, and cocoa-nuts, were collected there in considerable quantities; but their chief articles of sale, as well as of diet, consisted in long strips of wild bull and boar flesh of a vermilion colour.

A tent was immediately allotted to Alvarez; the Indian was sent into the woods to pull fresh fern for his bed; and meanwhile the buccaneers proceeded to prepare their dinner. The wild boar had now arrived; it was flayed with wonderful despatch; its flesh was then separated from the bones, cut into long strips, and laid upon the *boucan*.

This Indian grate, from which the formidable freebooters derived their name, was very simple. It consisted of four upright stakes, about six feet apart, and four or five feet high. Upon these a number of green poles were fixed crosswise; and thereon the meat was placed. Then a fire was kindled beneath, and, when it was well lighted, the bones and offal, and sometimes the skin of the animal, were gradually added to the fire, so as to keep it low and steady, and to fill the smoke with ammonia, the meat being turned from time to time, to insure its thorough saturation with the effluvia. The flesh thus roasted shrunk

slowly, and assumed the desired vermilion hue; then, after some hours, the fire was allowed gradually to expire, when the meat was fit for use.* This meat was about the thickness, and twice the breadth of a harness-trace; its savour was admirable; it remained good for almost any length of time.

This meat, with wild fruits, and some Indian corn, was the only diet of the buccaneers.

The life of these men was spent in the open air; they were free from care and the anxious thoughts that bend the frame far more than toil can do. Their life was one continued enterprise: they were incredibly strong, hardy as the wild bulls they hunted, and desperately daring. When compelled by wrong or want, or induced

* In the same manner, it is said, the Caribs used to roast their prisoners, binding them alive upon the *grille*, and tempering the fire with such devilish care that the torture was prolonged for hours. The cookery was then considered perfect, and a "jeune femme, bien boucannée," as the French translated it, was the most recherché of cannibal luxuries.

by the spirit of adventure, to take up arms and scour the seas, they became the scourge of the Spaniards, the avengers of the Indian.

In the evening, when half a hundred of these strange islanders were collected round their watch-fire, blazing up among the lofty cedars, their groups were fearfully picturesque. Their leathern frocks were deeply stained with the gore of animals slaughtered in the chase; their visages, half covered with untrimmed beards and grim moustaches, were browned and hard as leather; their hands, still begrimed with blood and gunpowder, were busy portioning out the meat, or arranging beakers and bottles for the supper. Their fierce eyes glimmered in the flame, as they passed and repassed before it. Wild jests and oaths were bandied about, and angry orders to the *engagés*, who were pitching the small light tents of newly-arrived Brethren in the back-ground, or cleaning muskets, or feeding the hungry hounds. Suddenly, as the

sun sank redly in the sea, they all rose gravely, and, to the astonishment of Alvarez, the next moment they were on their knees, praying fervently to the Virgin, and chanting the vesper hymn! Some few, who were English and Protestants among them, turned away, perhaps contemptuously; but they respected, by silence at least, their comrades' piety.

No sooner were the vespers ended, than the meal began. Few of the hunters were absent, but two had received wounds that would have been thought severe by other men. A wild boar had ripped up the thigh of one; but he had closed the seam, and bound it up with withes tied lightly over palmetto leaves. Another had had his leg crushed by the horns of a bull; but having bathed it in the brute's warm blood, he had been carried to the feast, and now lay upon the ground as contentedly and with as good an appetite as the rest. These were trifling things, but they showed Alvarez what sort of stuff his companions were made of.

They now fed fast and furiously, drinking brandy plentifully at the same time; and at the end of an hour they were all prostrated in drunken sleep. Alvarez gazed upon them with astonishment and interest, not altogether unmingled with respect. He could not sleep. The prospect of his future life rose up before him. Sometimes he was almost tempted to join these wild men, to endeavour to humanize them, and to found an empire by their prowess. Soon after midnight, however, his meditations were interrupted. A grisly hunter (the oldest of the party) began to stir, and at length, with a muttered imprecation on himself and all mankind, staggered to his feet. He kicked the dying embers of the watch-fire, which suddenly blazed up, and fiercely lighted his ghastly face and blood-shot eyes. He threw a hurried glance around him,—and seeing Alvarez awake and watchful, he nodded kindly to him, pointing contemptuously to his comrades lying round, whose drunken sleep he had

so lately shared. He then moved to a little spring that gushed up through the rocks and mosses beneath the cliff; and having drunk amply from a calabash, he bathed his face in the water, which dropped crimson from his bloody hands. Having completed his scanty ablutions, he shouted to his comrades that it was time to be upon the move, in order to reach the hunting-grounds by daybreak. Alvarez now learned that a great hunting-match had been determined on by the buccaneers, in order to provide meat for one of their ships, which was almost daily expected to arrive for provision and recruits. The man who had addressed him was held in respect by the freebooters, on account of his experience and audacity; but they acknowledged no authority on shore—unless, indeed, they were attacked by the Spaniards, or on a freebooting expedition, when they patiently submitted to the sternest exercise of discipline, which experience had taught them was alike essential to safety or success.

Their captains were then elected by vote; and, once chosen, their authority was unbounded. Always the most daring and subtle of a daring and subtle crew, these captains performed wonders with their scanty forces. The wealthiest and most populous cities of the continent were laid under contribution or plundered by them. For thousands of miles, over land and water, around their stronghold, their flag was held in terror.

The old Buccaneer now sounded a loud blast of his bugle, and his wild comrades started to their feet with wonderful celerity, looked to their muskets, kicked up their unfortunate *engagés*, and unshackled the bloodhounds; then, after a short conference, they broke up into parties of five or six men each, and disappeared into the forest in different directions. Alvarez, wearied and footsore with unaccustomed travel, determined to remain where he was for the present. Before long he heard shots, shouts, and bugle calls, and the deep

voices of the bloodhounds among the hills. He could even hear the thundering rush of the wild cattle, as they were driven through the narrow passes, where the bullets of the Buccaneers fell fast and true among them.

CHAPTER VI.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
There came of every race the mingled swarm ;
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass ;
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm,
Sprang from the woods a bold athletic mass,
Whom freedom leads and brotherhood combines.

CAMPBELL.

For the next few days the hunters and their boucans were kept busy. Alvarez tried the sport, and found the chase of the wild cattle only too exciting ; he almost feared to find himself become a buccaneer in spite of himself. There was, indeed, a strange charm about the life they led. The perfect absence of all care and responsibility,—the labour just sufficient to make

repose welcome,—the high health that again stimulated to labour,—the stormy and frequent excitement alternating with periods of unbroken calm to which the delicious climate lent a double enjoyment; all this seemed delightful to the young Alvarez, new to him as were all such pleasures. As time passed on he made wider excursions, and visited the Indian villages, where the few remnants of that ill-fated race still preserved all their attractions, though they had lost, alas! most of the virtues that their first discoverers had found amongst them. Their glowing sun, (no wonder they worshipped it as a god—a god of tremendous power as well as of beneficence,) which infused into all lower nature such luxuriance and brilliancy, had so perfected the human form that Apollo might be proud to own them as his children. An untaught grace and natural dignity resulted from their symmetrical proportions. The light that shone within their large dark eyes was an effluence of

the exuberant life within. Even to this hour those Indian islanders have transmitted to some of their posterity a type of the most perfect beauty known.

On one of the hunting-excursions into which Alvarez was drawn, he received a severe wound from a wild boar. A buccaneer might have laughed at it, and dragged his maimed limb back to the boucan fire-side and the evening's carouse ; but the untried nature of Alvarez could not bear up against his agony. He caused himself to be carried to the nearest village, and there he was received with all the generous hospitality that characterized the gentle savages of Haiti. They hastily built for him a hut of canes, covered with palmetto leaves, apart from the noise of the village ; and when the terrible fever of that climate came upon him, he was supplied with every luxury and anodyne that simple Indian skill afforded. The freshest, juiciest fruits were ever ready for his parched lips ; calabashes of spring water were constantly

poured on the broad leaves that formed his shelter, and on the grass around, in order to cool the air; and when at length consciousness returned, he observed a youthful female form ever moving softly round him, and ministering to his slightest necessities with a soothing gentleness, to which only woman,—whether saint or savage,—can attain.

Avooa was the daughter of the village chief; she was conspicuously beautiful, even among her beautiful race, and her loveliness took the warm unguarded heart of the young Moresco by surprise. Woman was as yet an unknown danger to him, and he braved it until it was too late. He recovered from his fever, but he still lingered round Avooa's home; and the young Indian was ever watching for him, having given up her whole heart—her very soul to him; for the poor savage knew no other heaven but that which the presence of the white stranger revealed to her.

At length the Rubicon was passed: Alvarez married her, after the fashion of her people, and took her away to his tent by the sea-side, leaving her father such a dowry for her that the Indians talked of it in other islands, and all the people looked up with respect to a girl who had brought so high a price.

The same spell that the artful queen of Egypt exercised on Antony, this simple savage wrought upon her accomplished lover: Alvarez gradually found his magnanimous visions fading from his mind. Time fled by unnoticed as he hunted in the primeval forests, or rested under the shadow of a vast banyan-tree, where he and Avooa had made their home. The sea was close by, swarming with fish for food, and gorgeous shells and fantastic seaweeds to make gay their verdant bower. The light labour that was to be done was performed by the faithful Andreas, who thought no office beneath him. The Buccaneers, though some distance off,

afforded from their stores the few European necessities of life.

Alvarez would have been but too happy in this dreamy-life, if he could have forgotten altogether his early aspirations,—if the training of his mind had not imbued him with a longing for enterprise,—a grasping appetite for action.

During the illness of Alvarez, the expected ship had touched at the island and departed, leaving her sick and wounded to recruit their strength. She was now expected to return, after a long cruise among the bays of the isthmus, and her arrival was anxiously watched for. At length she was signalled; and, instigated by curiosity, Alvarez and his young Indian found themselves among the crowd upon the shore. The proud Moresco, however, could not tolerate the bold admiration that the assembled buccaneers bestowed on Avooa, and he soon withdrew her from their gaze; but it was too late.

When the first boat landed from the

ship, Alvarez was again upon the shore, and shared in the general interest with which the islanders regarded the unusual appearance of a prisoner,—for quarter was rarely given by the buccaneers. The captain stepped ashore, and motioned to this prisoner to follow. He then announced that he had spared him on board a Spanish prize, because he was an Englishman ; but that as he refused to join the Brotherhood, any buccaneer who chose, might buy him as an *engagé* for a hundred dollars. The prisoner looked upon the buyers who crowded round to examine him with a calm unconscious air of superiority that struck Alvarez forcibly. He was of a commanding presence, though his blue eyes beamed with philanthropy, and the strength of character impressed on his countenance bespoke great power of endurance rather than any more active passion. He was young, but he wore an appearance of resignation and deep thought and anxious care, as with folded arms he

endured the scrutiny of the buccaneers : they examined and discussed his capabilities as they would have done those of a horse or hound. Alvarez, who felt irresistibly attracted to the stranger, and proportionably annoyed at these insults, at once stepped up to the captain, paid him the hundred dollars he demanded, then extended to the prisoner his hand, and told him he was free. The buccaneers looked upon this bargain at first with curiosity, and finally with indignation. Innovation of any kind was very unpopular amongst them ; but an assumption of generosity and condemnation of slavery, above all in a mere interloper, was not to be endured. Moreover, this stranger had evidently great wealth, which had not, they thought, been shared according to buccaneering principles. Wherefore then should he enjoy buccaneering privileges ?

While they were thus angrily debating, Alvarez led the stranger to his home beneath the banyan tree, gave him such

refreshments as he could procure, and then requested from him an account of his adventures.

An Oriental, whether he be Moor or Spaniard born, dearly loves a tale ; it suits his imaginative but dreamily indolent mind, to set it flowing along the current of another's thought, and find it wafted into new ideal regions without an effort. The evening hour, too, was come ; the glorious evening of the tropics, when a meditative tone steals over the spirits, as the "starry influences" spread along the sky. The two Europeans lay upon a bank sloping towards the glittering sea ; the blue smoke from their pipes rose straight upward in the motionless air, fire-flies gleamed and flashed round about them and above them, and the waves broke softly in phosphorescent foam upon the sand below.

Avooa, gracefully crouched beneath the columned foliage of their roof-tree, watched every movement of Alvarez with her intense

and loving eyes; and a brace of bloodhounds prowled, or rather patrolled, about their master's sylvan home, in a grave and conscientious sort of manner.

Thus the stranger began his story under the most favourable auspices. Would that the reader's interest could be increased or conciliated by some such pleasant influence!

As with national caution, the narrator of the following particulars suppressed much that afterwards transpired, and as the French in which he spoke was far from perfect, it seems better to relate what is now matter of history, historically, than to do so, as Alvarez might have heard it.

The stranger was one in whom I must hope that the reader already takes some interest. He was the Willie Paterson, locally called Tinwald, of Sandilee: he is now two years older in point of time, but "very much his own senior," (as an Irishman once observed of himself,) in point of experience. We took leave of him at Bristol, where he remained for some

time, finding abundance of occupation for his active mind. On hearing of his father's increasing illness, he had returned in disguise to Sandilee. He was in time to fulfil the old man's prayer, that he might see his son's face once more, and that it should be the last earthly object visible through the gathering mist of death.

He found that Partan had almost recovered from the injury he had received. There had been pressure on the brain, which, when removed, left few dangerous symptoms, except those which weakness and former intemperance superinduced. He had been carried, according to Tinwald's directions, to the old manor-house, and, as Tinwald learned from the house-keeper, Janet, the laird had found great interest at first in nursing him, as his lost son's legacy ; and, ultimately, in his society. Of his fall from the cliff, Partan could give but a very confused account. Being at the time flustered with strong drink, and so suddenly rendered insensible, he could not

swear that Lawrence had thrown him down, and he would not even assert it on suspicion. Nor did Tinwald seek to remove the doubt; though it struck him as remarkable that the captain affected ignorance of any accident having befallen the old sailor. There being no assignable motive for such an outrage, however, and no clue to its commission, he thought it better to search no farther into the case. Perhaps, after all, it was a hallucination of Partan's, caused by the wandering of his brain, and his enmity to the buccaneer.

Old Tam was still smoking in his chimney corner, grown very old, and perpetually gloating on the gold which he expected by every tide. Alice was away with her aunt at Annan. Her friend, Isabel, had been left an orphan, and was to return with her to the Peel-house in a few days: for that arrival, Tinwald had no desire to wait. He did not wish to trust himself with another interview, as he considered that her troth was binding as a marriage vow.

Therefore, as soon as he had performed the last duties to his father, he longed to leave the manor-house.

No living departure ever leaves such a sense of loneliness behind it as the departure of the unconscious form of our still cherished dead ; and sadness and sorrow always revive an innate desire for change of scene. Paterson had now no tie to home ; for that sacred word applies to hearts not hearths. He turned his thoughts once more to the western islands, of which he had heard so much ; he felt as if called to exercise a sort of missionary profession there, as he had already done among the smugglers of his own coast. He thought his efforts might, perhaps, avail something even among the buccaneers, whose romantic history interested him ; and among the Indians, whom the touching story of Las Casas had taught him to compassionate. Dwelling on these and such like thoughts, he brought himself to believe that it was no longer his vocation, even

if permitted by the government, to remain in his own home—to speed his plough, or haggle about sheep at lowland fairs.

Accordingly, having, after his own fashion, held a solemn fast and vigil with much prayer, he commended himself to a new career. He sold all that he possessed, except the old manor-house and garden; for a Scotchman always loves to have a “bit ingle he can ca’ his own” in the land he is always prompt to abandon and to which he longs to return. Having, therefore, confided his household goods to the care of his foster-mother and house-keeper, Janet, he bade adieu to his home for long, long years.

He proceeded first to Hamburgh, then the greatest mercantile city in the north of Europe. There he applied himself to acquire the most recent geographical information, and the study of the French and Spanish languages; neither did he omit researches into the principles of trade, notwithstanding his higher object.

Here he again met with his kinsman, John Law, of Lauriston, who was already employed in a place of trust. This young man's keen, intelligent, inquiring nature, found in that of Paterson something kindred in spirit, though very different in sentiment. The ambition of the youth was soaring but selfish, that of Paterson was magnanimous and disinterested, founded on the character of the old worthies and ancient sages, with whose writings and histories he had been familiar since his childhood. Nevertheless, the boy's enthusiasm unconsciously ministered to his kinsman's ; and while giving it, perhaps, a more worldly turn, kept it continually awake.

After about a year's residence, he passed on to Brussels, in hopes of obtaining there some introduction to Spain, which country he next proposed to visit, as initiatory to its Indian colonies.

Passing on to Paris, whence the fame of Colbert had filled his ears, he made a considerable stay in that voluptuous

city, whose splendour and misery, extravagance and poverty were then unequalled. Here his cherished plans were kept alive and enlightened; for Louis XIV. patronised the buccaneers, whom, notwithstanding his own connection with Spain, he was pleased to see in the heart of his great brother's colonies. At this period the Flibustiers, as the French called their freebooters, were in almost tranquil possession of great part of Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and the whole of the little island of La Tortue. From Paris, Paterson proceeded across the Pyrenees to Bilboa and Seville. He found the Spanish nation already in a state of such decline, as appeared to him could only have fallen on a lately great and prosperous people by a special judgment of Providence. The Indians' wrongs seemed also, to his ardent imagination, to be visibly avenged by the terrific storms, floods, and famine that were then desolating the fairest provinces of Andalusia.

Full of eager expectation, he set sail in a galleon for Carthage, but encountered so many adverse winds, that the crew were prostrated by fatigue and illness, when they were encountered by the buccaneers. To them the galleon fell an easy prey; all on board of her, except Paterson, were put to the sword, or forced to "walk the plank." He was, we have seen, spared, being an Englishman, and belonging to a people with whom the buccaneers affected to be on good terms. But when he refused to enter "The Brotherhood," and to take the oaths required by them, he was condemned to slavery, and as such, had formed part of the captain's booty, and been sold accordingly.

CHAPTER VII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips, but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt ;
A heart, where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair !
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words ; but knew not what they were.

CAMPBELL.

THE story was ended ; very different in its details, and doubtless far more eloquent than ours. The narrator suppressed, as unimportant to his hearer, many of the facts here set down ; but he impressed, upon what he did relate, much of his own

character and peculiar sentiments. Alvarez was struck with observations which, though new, seemed familiar to him ; and with many high-hearted thoughts to which he proudly found an echo in his own breast. He listened to Paterson as to some eloquent lecturer on humanity, rather than as to a mere narrator of some of the humblest events of life.

When the speaker ceased, the ripple of the waves and the rustle of leaves began once more to be heard in the deep silence that ensued.

Alvarez at length found words, and expressing, at the same time, admiration and sympathy for the stranger's sentiments, concluded by saying,—

“ It would seem that we are the only two Europeans in all this beautiful island-world, who are not leagued as robbers. Let us be friends : let us look upon our meeting as decreed by some favourable fate ; and henceforth accept me as a fellow-labourer with you, willing to strive

for good against the great evil that is everywhere manifest around us."

"It is bravely said," replied Paterson ; "and brave, kind thoughts were never meant to expire on the words that uttered them. It may be, that my captivity, like that of Joseph, has been sent in unsuspected furtherance of my prayers. But, hark ! Hear you not something like the stealthy motion of a canoe through the water ? Did I not know that yonder fierce buccaneers were well able to keep their own coast clear, I should feel inclined to fear a surprise from hostile Indians."

Alvarez, also, had caught, as he fancied, the sound of a paddle, but he knew that all the natives were his friends ; and the bending foliage of the mangrove trees, drooping over the water, prevented anything beneath them, or in their shadow, from being seen. He resumed the easy attitude from which he had been roused, on finding that the silence was undisturbed.

But the Indian girl's attention was not

so quickly lulled. She had been long listening with rapt attention to the unknown words of the stranger, which appeared so deeply to interest him who was all in all to her. Her heart was very sad, with the foreboding that a summons had now come to bear him far away from the happy island that had always been her home, and had lately been her heaven. She watched with deep, womanly instinct the upturned future-seeking glance, the resolved look, which Alvarez gradually assumed, as he listened to the dreams and plans that had brought the northern stranger from afar : she read, in his unusual aspect, changed thoughts rising in his mind. Vague feelings of fear rose, at the same time, in her heart. She had heard of wondrous worlds beyond the blue seas that surrounded her, but they were as the land of spirits to her imagination ; she trembled when she saw that a thought wandered from her and her island home.

And all this time, as she looked and listened, another undefined sensation was stealing upon her. Her ear, attuned in her wild solitudes to the faintest sounds, now detected something unexpected on the evening breeze. We can see the group in imagination, though so long since past away. The sea, all glittering in the full abounding moonlight, which likewise tinged with her silveriness the plummy palm trees and the forests far away; and the blue mountains, that shut out whole regions of the starry sky. On the verdant, grass-grown shore, fringed, except on one sandy spot, by mangroves, reclined the sun-browned Moresco,—his countenance radiant with awakened thought, his eyes upturned to the stars, listening in rapt attention to the fair-haired stranger, who puts into words the ideas that so long had haunted his heart. The Indian girl, with eyes sometimes fixed upon the speaker, and sometimes with far deeper watchfulness upon the listener, and sometimes glancing ner-

vously all round into the darkness of the surrounding forest. The bloodhounds, half subdued by the soft, enervating languor of the breathless air, yet disturbed by some restless instinct. Hark ! again that stealthy ripple in the water. A boat emerges from the shadow, touches the sands, and an Indian draws it upon the beach, and approaches them swiftly and cautiously. It is Andreas, who whispers in his master's ear. He has been listening, from a place of concealment, to the buccaneers. Inflamed with drink, they have spoken aloud their hatred of Alvarez—their foul-mouthed admiration of Avooa. Alvarez heard the Indian's story unmovedly : he had already experienced enough of the buccaneers' wild life to have acquired something of their recklessness. He knew that they hated him : it was well ; he hated them in return,—and was even then meditating how to free himself for ever from their association. He listened with impassive features to the Indian's information ; and then, re-

peating it to his new friend in an unmoved voice, waited for his counsel. Whilst he spoke, the waves still rippled on the gravel with a soothing, quiet sound, the night-birds sung cheerily in the woods far off, and the lights of heaven shone softly down, as if they would permeate the earth with their divine influence. But he had scarcely ceased, when the hounds, with a wild, fierce yell, spring from their lair. A shriek—a woman's shriek—is heard, and, before Alvarez could snatch up his weapon, Avooa is clasped in the arms of a buccaneer, and borne away. Half-a-dozen muskets are levelled at Alvarez, and the hounds' gallant challenge subsides into a sullen moan of agony.

Paterson would fain have reasoned and expostulated; but Alvarez was already gone. The musket-shots, uncertainly fired by startled and drunken men, plashed through the trees, and far off into the sea; two of those who fired them lay prostrate—struck to the ground by the tiger spring

of the young Moor. The shrieks of Avooa led him on, up by a steep path, where the precipice hung beetling above the sea. The ravisher is reached,—his throat is in the spasmed grasp of the Moor,—he reels upon the narrow path, and totters over the precipice, but still he clings to the Indian's lovely form. In the recklessness of rage, Alvarez spurns him from the cliff, as he attempts to snatch Avooa from his grasp, steadying himself by holding to a young tree. The bough gives,—it breaks.—A moment, and they are all gone—together hurled down, over crag, and bank, and crushed trees, until they reach the shore, and lie huddled, a mere human heap, upon the sands below.

Meanwhile Paterson and the Indian, concealed by the smoke of the muskets, had rushed to the boat, and reached the shelter of the mangroves. The drunken buccaneers lost sight of them, fired a few shots through the trees, and then returned to their tents and boucan. They had not

intended to destroy Alvarez and his *protégé*, but to take them prisoners, and sell them as *engagés* to the "Brethren" in Cuba. Paterson and the negro pulled swiftly round to where they heard the boughs crashing underneath the cliff. They found those whom they sought still motionless; the Buccaneer had fallen undermost, a rock had laid his skull open; they left the caitiff's corpse to the mercy of the rising tide, and carefully removed the inanimate forms of Alvarez and the poor Indian girl to the canoe. Then they pulled silently along the shore to the eastward. As soon as they had reached a safe distance from the buccaneers, they laid down their oars and attempted to revive the sufferers. Both still breathed: Avooa only gave a few deep sighs and turned towards Alvarez, as if seeking refuge; her head rested on his neck, almost covering his pallid face with the masses of her rich black hair. When Alvarez recovered consciousness he laid his hand upon her heart—it was still for ever.

The Moresco bent over her prostrate form ; he shed no tear—he covered his face with his hands and sank down beside her.

Andreas motioned to Paterson to take up his oar, and they pulled away rapidly, still to the eastward. Before morning, they reached the rock where the ship had been stranded the year before. Scarcely a fragment of her remained, but her boat had fortunately been laid high and dry upon the beach. Alvarez in silence carried the corpse of Avooa towards the cavern, where they had left their stores. There he fondly and tenderly laid her on piles of the softest silks, and his comrades left him kneeling by her side. In about an hour they returned ; they had made a grave beneath a tall palm-tree which served for a landmark many a mile at sea. And there they laid the poor Indian girl in her silken shroud, to take her last long rest.

For some days, they rested near the cavern, fitting the boat for a long sea

voyage as well as they were able. Alvarez slowly recovered from his wounds, and, after his deep prostration, gave such symptoms of revival that his companions thought it would be a relief to him to return to activity. After some council, it was determined to sail to the eastward, weather the island, and bear away for Jamaica, where they were sure of shelter from the English who were settled there. The dangers of so long a voyage in an open boat were considerable, but nothing compared with the chances of falling into the hands of the buccaneers.

Having taken from the spoils in the cavern such jewels and other matters as could most easily be concealed about their persons, and having victualled their boat from the ship's stores, they launched her at sunset so as to be unobserved by any chance stragglers, and rowed till morning, relieving one another by turns at the oars. Their little vessel was curiously fitted up. In herself, a mere fishing-boat, and rudely

built, within she was furnished as gorgeously as Cleopatra's barge. In the absence of iron, they had been obliged to use silver and golden plates and fastenings, hammered rudely out at night, with rocks for an anvil and cedar fires for a forge. In the absence of canvass and thread, they were compelled to make their sails of satin and their cordage of silk. Their mouldy biscuits were secured in a chest of sandal wood, their junk was laid up in ivory cabinets. Crystal vases held their brandy and fresh water, and velvet cushions formed the seats of the anxious seafarers. So they sailed away through darkness and danger, surrounded by signs of wealth and luxury, and by the raging indomitable sea!

CHAPTER VIII.

But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger and their nights of pain,
Their manly courage e'en when deem'd in vain:
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes as a well the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night.

The Island.

AFTER many hardships and dangers, our adventurous mariners weathered Cape Engano, and ran ashore at the little island of Saona to replenish their precious water-casks at its fountain. They then stood boldly out to sea, and after a run of one hundred and fifty miles, touched again at

the islet of Alta Vela, giving the coast of Haiti still a wide berth. Another long stretch brought them to Point Gravois, whence, though in want of water, they were deterred from landing, by observing the well-known fires of a boucan. A strong wind drove them out of their course to the northward, where the currents of the windward passage tried their little craft sorely, and the sun of the tropics burned down upon them, inflaming the thirst that already was consuming their parched throats. They began to look eagerly for land, but in vain. Just as the moon rose above the horizon, they observed what seemed a speck in her bright orb—she rose and it was gone. It must be land they thought, and stretching towards it with sail and oar, they found themselves close to the little island of Navasa before sunrise. But it mocked their hopes; it was a mere mass of rocks; there was neither stream nor fountain there; nor, as far as eye could reach, was there any

other land. The sun shone in all his terrible might, and nothing but the most dreadful death appeared to await them. They returned to their boat, and looked on one another in despairing silence. At length the Indian chief murmured in accents almost inaudible from his swollen tongue and parched lips.

“Senor! you saved my life, it is yours. Indian veins have much blood, the heart it flows from is yours; drink from your own fountain.”

So saying, he plunged his knife in his arm, and held the crimson welling stream to the mouth of his master.* Who can tell how great was the horrid temptation to the dying Moor—how heroic his abstinence from that unnatural draught! He seized the brave arm and bathed it in tears, as he hastily bound up the wound with a strip of his own sleeve. Then silently he took up his oar, and without a word being

* A fact.

spoken, he and Paterson pulled out to sea once more. But the sun still shone with terrible power upon the waters; the very breeze seemed scorched to death; the arms of the feverish men became more languid at each stroke of the oar, and at length they ceased their apparently unavailing labour. Thus they floated for some time in the silence of despair; when suddenly the boat was stirred, though there was no breath of air. Strong bubbles danced about on the surface of the sea, and the water that came welling up from some great depth was of a different colour from that which surrounded it. Alvarez dipped his hand into it,—it felt cold. In almost delirious, doubtful joy he plunged overboard, and his companions with surprise beheld him swallowing copious draughts of the water. They quickly filled a goblet and drank too. Was it a miracle—or was there indeed a well spring of sweet water in the salt wilderness of ocean? Pure, fresh, and

sparkling as the diamond fountain that rises on the Dead Sea's shore, that fountain shone and sparkled, and such it is to this day. The mariners were saved. They filled their water vessels once more, but still they lingered by that wondrous fountain. At length a breeze springing up, they set their silken sails and bore away to the westward.

The next morning the summit of a lofty ridge of hills was visible. They were the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and the boat was steered for the nearest point of land. The beauty of this "Land of Streams"* is exquisite, as you approach it from the northward. Even now, when its very name is associated with ruin, disappointment, and decay, you are impressed with a sense of its smiling prosperity, which nothing but the universal voice of its inhabitants contradicts. It was then in its youth of promise; just rising

* *Xaymaca*, or "stream land," is the Indian name of this island, from which our appellation is derived.

into consideration. Its exceeding fertility, as well as beauty and fortunate position for commerce, had already procured for it many enterprising settlers. Plantations and fair gardens bespread the beautiful and well-watered plains that lay between the mountains and the sea. The Anglo-Saxon language gave voice to Anglo-Saxon feelings there, and inspired that energy which the world has felt the effects of even to its utmost bounds. There English homes began to smile, and English chapels rose, and the noble Liturgy of England's Church gave to her prayers an inspired form.

One of the first of these settlements was the little town of Manoa, long since deserted and crumbled into ruins. Its relics, which now alone greet the seafarer's eyes, and harbour only dangerous and loathsome reptiles, once formed the abodes of striving, industrious men, and sheltered all that made their now-forgotten lives then dear to them.

The weary mariners gazed with delight

upon that favoured land. They had ample time to observe its beauties, for the breeze that had wafted them so far began to fail as they approached the shore, within twelve miles of which the air at noon is almost always still. All around is calm. No tide is felt upon that coast ; the heat is tempered by the lofty mountains, and the exhalations of its many streams. Those exhalations, hovering in the quiet atmosphere, catch the sunshine, and seem to retain it ; tinging the light with lovely hues of violet and orange-colour as the sun declines. And from the depths of those coloured mists and emerald lawns, stood out in strong relief dark masses of wide-spreading cedars and cocoa-trees, as if planted with most artistic skill to make the lovely landscape altogether perfect.

At length the sandy shore was visible, and its very shells ; and thereon were groups of the settlers watching eagerly the strange-looking craft, with sails of purple silk, and velvet awnings over its sea-washed,

weather-beaten crew. They landed, and Paterson knelt reverently down upon the shore in prayer. Alvarez and the Indian stood by in silence, perhaps respecting the feelings of their Christian comrade, but betraying no outward sign of sympathy, whatever vague feelings of devoutness may have swelled within their breasts.

They were soon surrounded by eager inquirers, who straightway gave them warm welcome, and the chief Magistrate claimed them for his guests, ordering his slaves to transport the contents of their little bark to his cottage. A banquet was given in their honour, and in the evening, when the cool land-breeze began to fan the lofty trees, they sat under the broad verandah that screened them from the dangerous dews, and all the English inhabitants assembled round them to listen to Paterson's relation of their escape and perilous voyage. He of course suppressed all that related to the immediate cause of their quarrel with the buccaneers; nor would it have been prudent

in that assembly to denounce the Brethren of the Coast, who were looked upon in rather an honourable light. Their dealings at Jamaica were always transacted in a fair commercial spirit; they were the scourge of the Spanish enemy; and, by the sale of their spoil, the chief promoters of the island's prosperity. Paterson took care, therefore, to dwell upon the fact, that it was with the mere hunters or matadores they had disagreed; and that the only ship, frequenting the coast they came from, was manned by flibustiers, and not by buccaneers.*

His narrative was very favourably received, therefore, and some days were passed at Manoa pleasantly enough by the adventurers; at least by Paterson and the

* FLIBUSTIER was a corruption of the English word *Freebooter*, unpronounceable by Frenchmen; BUCCANEER was a corruption of the French word *Boucanier*; and, by a singular perversity, the English adopted the French appellation, and the French assumed the English one, calling themselves Flibustiers. Therefore, Paterson cannily availed himself of the old national prejudice by pointing out that his enemies had belonged to this latter denomination.

Indian ; for Alvarez wandered away into the woods from sunshine until dark, nursing his deep uncomplaining sorrow in solitude. They next resolved to proceed to St. Jago, then the chief city of the island. There they expected to obtain information as to the state of Terra Firma and the Isthmus of Panama : Paterson agreeing with his friend that they could no longer remain in countries frequented by the buccaneers. He thought it was necessary for Alvarez to adopt some pursuit that would occupy his mind and give employment to his energies. Commerce then offered the best and worthiest, if not the only honest career that was possible to an adventurer and a stranger ; besides the constant excitement and boundless prospect that it opened. He had lately devoted much attention to the principle of trade, and Alvarez, by his early education, his generous nature, and the large capital at his command, appeared well adapted to develop its resources in a useful and brilliant manner.

The friends finally resolved to repair in the first instance to Carthagera, where a merchant, named Don Felipo Martinez, held large sums in trust for the house of Medina. While waiting for a passage thither, they were informed that the Governor, Sir Henry Morgan, desired to see them, and to hear from their own lips a narrative of their adventures. This singular man had himself been a Buccaneer of the highest renown to which ferocity, ruthlessness, and daring could attain. He was originally a Welshman, of a humble family that claimed very long descent. He had run away to Bristol, embarked for Barbadoes as a common seaman, was sold at Jamaica as an *engagé*, became a buccaneer in the natural course of events, was soon chosen captain, and finally appointed "Vice-Admiral" by Mausvelt. He was more feared than any rover of the seas, except L'Olonois. The whole Isthmus stood in awe of him; and after his successful sack of Panama, he might, with com-

mon honesty, have banded the entire Brotherhood of the Coast under his standard, and reduced all Spanish America. But his avarice prevailed over his ambition. He cheated his followers, and sailed away from the fleet with by far the greater part of the plunder he had acquired. And yet—the infamy of dishonesty being superadded to the atrocities of his former life—he was made a knight, and appointed Governor of Jamaica by the ministers of Charles II., the basest Government that ever disgraced England. But their policy seemed justified by the result. Charles at that time desired to be on good terms with Spain, and in order to conciliate that kingdom, he resolved to disown and discountenance the buccaneers. Morgan, as Governor of Jamaica, was in a capacity to annoy this Brotherhood severely. He felt for his former comrades all the hatred of an apostate, and the malice of an informer. He was as inexorable to their appeals as he had formerly been to those of honest men ;

he never spared those who fell into his hands ; and though in all other parts of the island they were welcomed, a brief examination and a halter was the sure fate of those who were detected at St. Jago.

The ex-buccaneer, however, had now assumed a serious character ; and who can venture to say that his conversion was not, in its way, sincere ? After the fashion of several ancient and illustrious evil-doers, he moreover built a church and endowed it.

It naturally takes some time to undo the ruffian habits acquired in a life-long apprenticeship to crime, but Morgan appeared to have begun the task when he was recalled to England. There he soon afterwards died of consumption, and the worry attendant upon constant accusations against him for acts sanctioned by the government. Thus, having been rewarded for his crimes, he was persecuted to the death for his honest conduct.

Paterson was summoned to the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, at

the period when his authority was highest. He found the ex-buccaneer seated in great state, surrounded by his officers. He was a portly person, with a broad face, especially in its lower parts : he had a projecting under lip, a mouth and chin expressive of great determination, a small straight nose, moustaches short and bristly, eyes very wide apart, shaded by lowering eyebrows and very fat lids—a countenance, on the whole, devoid of ruth, or fear, or grace ; the possessor of which must have found it a harder matter to reform himself than most men would have done.*

This redoubtable Governor received Paterson very graciously, and listened with interest to the brief detail which the prudent Scot alone considered necessary. He inquired with greater curiosity about the

* I subjoin an account of his dress, for the sake of those who may be curious in such matters : “ He wore a doublet of rich orange brocade, slashed at the sleeves to show the purple lining. A broad embroidered sword-belt, with broad fringes across the shoulder, a laced cravat round his short neck, and a huge wig curling down his shoulders.”

buccaneers than his informant found it quite convenient to reply to. He then asked Paterson abruptly what opinion he had formed of his government.

“Your Excellency,” replied the Scot, “will perhaps excuse my frankness in questioning one of its acts, while with equal frankness, I express my admiration of it in others?”

The Governor nodded assent.

“It excites my curiosity,” continued Paterson, “to observe that England, the most powerful of colonizing states, appears to keep her negroes in a darker state of oppression and ignorance than any other. If I am not misinformed, the slaves here are forbidden on pain of death to attend any divine worship or listen to any instruction.”*

The church-founding buccaneer smiled grimly as he replied, “Good fellow, do not meddle with matters above your compre-

* A fact.

hension. Those scoundrels are dark without, and let 'em remain dark within. If once they become Christians how could we treat 'em like brutes, as they are, and as they must remain for the prosperity of the colony? Your congregations for low people are mere excuses for plots and insurrections."

"Well then," persisted Paterson, "the buccaneers are already Christians. Perhaps if some lenity and encouragement were shown to them, they might improve and become honest subjects. At the island of Cayenne they have settled down and become good colonists."

The Governor upon hearing this, grew earnest. He said that Paterson must be a bold man to talk thus to him who knew them so well. He maintained that they were worse than hopeless, as was any prospect of turning them from their evil ways; that to go amongst them to preach to them would be an immediate step to martyrdom, without any other result. "It

is true," he said, "that many of them are much kiven to brayer; put it would pe less awful to hear their natural curses. They will bray to all their saints pefore they pegin to trink; and when they are trunk they will call one another py names of tevils, and imitate hell for bastime. I was opliged to but a stop to it on poard my ship at last, for I lost some of my pest hands by shutting themselves up in the hold, and purning sulphur and trinking purning prandy, to make themselves, as they said, merry after the fashion of tevils."

Paterson observed that perhaps if some better course of life were open to them, they would take refuge in it; instead of having recourse to such demoniacal orgies as could only be suggested by despair.

"Ach yes," rejoined the Governor; "if there was an English city, like Carthagena, on the Isthmus, that would build, and puy, and sell, and make ships, and man them, and make a constant healthy stir of pusiness, instead of stagnating, like those pesti-

lent Spaniards ; then the puccaneering pusiness would soon cease. Pad times make pad men. A large and honest open trade would do up the piracy fery soon. Put, till that is made, breaching is no use to them."

Paterson saw much force in the Governor's observations, and they increased a desire on which his mind had long brooded, which was, to establish a great colonial city on the Isthmus, which should communicate with a similar one on the Pacific side, and thus join the commerce of the two worlds in that one spot. Alvarez caught at the scheme, and the two friends resolved, in the first instance, to establish themselves at Carthagena. Thither they soon proceeded in a smuggling vessel ; by means of which, both Spaniards and English obtained all that was obtainable of their respective neighbours' forbidden produce.

This smuggling vessel was a fast sailer, as was very needful for her safety. Sometimes, in her voyage from the English set-

lements, she was pursued by the Spaniards ; sometimes, on returning from the Terra Firma, she was chased by the buccaneers. Like the Flying-fish, whose name she bore, everything that moved upon the waters was her enemy. But her speed had hitherto defied all pursuit, and she now transported Alvarez and his friend to their destination. Andreas, of course, accompanied them. He had, in former times, guided Sir Henry Morgan to the sack of Panama ; and he now carefully kept out of his sight, fearing that this reformed Governor would hang him for his former services.

The ambition of Alvarez was to put into execution the plans he had long dreamed of, and which Paterson had matured, concerning a vast system of commerce ;—a system which was to embrace all countries and their produce ; to acquire a knowledge (without reference to distance) of where any article was to be most cheaply procured, and in what part of the world it could find the highest price. These points

ascertained, the intermediate questions of the cost and risk of transport was of minor interest. The system was to have its centre at Carthagera, and gradually to branch out into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and along the sea-board of both continents, until it comprised the world.

In furtherance of this great design, Alvarez had considerable wealth at his command; Paterson great knowledge and experience. The former was too generous and too just not to acknowledge in his friend's qualifications an equivalent to his own capital; and the latter was too conscious of his own disinterestedness and high object, to feel the obligation as a burden. Indeed, but for him, the commercial career of Alvarez would probably have been very brief. Alvarez would fain have bounded forward, and attempted to grapple with all difficulties at once: the more cautious Scot insisted on carefully pioneering, by deep thought, before action was allowed to follow. Even among the generous and frank

mercantile community of Carthagenæ, Paterson would feel his way, step by step, until he found each path that they were to tread was secure ; and then he would freely allow Alvarez to rush forward in it with an energy that astonished the languid natives, and carried all before it. In stirring and incessant action, the Moresco sought oblivion of the many sorrows that preyed on his young heart. In intense thought and speculation, the Paterson of Carthagenæ endeavoured to forget the Willie of the Lowlands, the temptation that had almost shaken his faith to his friend, and the manifold absorption of his deeply-seated love. He always thought that he saw a truer impulse of her heart in her acceptance of the brilliant stranger, than in the effort she had made to win back her first love, when he had been forced to renounce her. He knew little of the sex ; indeed, he knew but one ; and from such slight experience, how could he divine the truth in the contradictory workings of a woman's fitful emo-

tions? He could not understand, or even suspect, under what various disguise love will hide itself, or how pride will induce it to deny itself.

Perhaps it was well, in a business point of view, for the two young partners, that their affections were thus anchored on distant objects; for otherwise the luxurious society of Carthagera, and its proverbially beautiful and genial women, might have unnerved them for devotion to the great task they had set themselves, and which was now fully entered upon.

Alternately, Alvarez and Paterson made long excursions into the interior, and along the shores of the Pacific; no dangers daunted them; no hardships could subdue their energy. The jealousy of the Spanish king had hitherto restrained all foreign enterprise, and preserved for Central America all the mysteries that shroud an undiscovered land. The old Indian roads were falling into ruin, and becoming choked up with the rank vegetation that the alternate

heavy rains and powerful sun engendered. Mighty forests had already buried the magnificent old cities of the Aztecs. The cacajou and the balsam-tree now harboured brilliant flocks of the harat and the tulcan, in the court-yards of Palenque and Copan. The cedar-tree grew up through the cedar roofs; the wild balsam, the tamarind, and the cassia-tree, filled the ancient gardens, and restored the reign of the forest, where it had long been overthrown. The scorpion, the lizard, and the serpent alone inhabited the palaces.

But neither forests, nor rivers, nor untamed savages could bar the progress of Alvarez and his friend. Wherever they went, they left a link behind them,—a connecting interest, that ramified for thousands of miles, and found its centre in Cartagena. The wealth which Alvarez had brought with him into America, was laid out with liberal and wise lavishment. Not in mere mercantile articles for immediate

profit, but in subsidizing all the jealous but corrupt authorities, and rendering them unconsciously liberal in turn. Naturalization was easily obtained, with all the privileges of Spanish citizenship. Other advantages, which the true-born Spaniard was too indolent to seek for or turn to account, were still more easily conceded. Armed and well-disciplined bands already waited the commands of Alvarez; and escorted his emissaries and their merchandize in safety through savage tribes and savage wildernesses.

The intelligent and active mind of the young merchant did not confine itself to the accustomed route of Carthagena affairs. The gold of Mexico, the silver of Peru, the pearls of the Gulf, indeed, found their way into his treasuries, as well as into those of other merchants, who prepared such costly stores for the great fair of Panama and the galleons of Spain. But the most remote and incongruous treasures were as eagerly sought and brought together by

one who acknowledged precedents only as finger-posts for bolder enterprises.

Cinnamon from the Caraccas; ambergris from the Baltic; fish from Newfoundland; spices from the Moluccas; ivory from Ceylon; diamonds from Golconda;—nothing was too remote, or too mean, or too costly, to be transferred to the great merchant's stores. Gradually he extended his spheres of action, and made all the great commercial capitals of the world arenas for his enterprise. In some he failed to procure the mere profit calculated on; but his very failures were sure to suggest some greater scheme, and, ultimately, some grand success. In other instances, a new fountain of wealth at once was opened, and began to pour its streams into the ever-expanding reservoir of Carthageria.

The prosperity of Alvarez became proverbial; his slightest words were treasured as affording some clue to wealth; his movements were imitated, his ships were sought for. Many a bold hand, however,

was paralyzed in attempting to wield the smallest of his gigantic enterprises; he stood alone, unrivalled and unapproachable in his power of combination, and in the enormous wealth which resulted from it.

Meanwhile Paterson, with a mind as active but of yet wider speculation, was restlessly exploring the cities, solitudes, seas, savannahs, shores, and mountains of the Tierra Firma. He had built a summer-house on the spot whence Balboa

“ Silent on a peak of Darien,”

first beheld the Pacific Ocean. There he gazed on it rolling beneath him in unbounded grandeur—in sublime significance; opening a wider sphere of action and enterprise than yet had been conceived by mortal man. Beyond its waters lay a great continent, and scattered richly amongst them were innumerable islands, pregnant with all that can render earthly life prosperous and resplendent. There,—sleeping beneath the waters, couched beneath the earth,

waving upon the trees, roaming through plains, or forests, or snowy wildernesses,—were all the richest and most luxurious spoils of earth—the means of diffusing wealth to many, comfort to all.

One rocky ridge there is, which has not in recent times been re-discovered, which commands a view of the shores on either side of the isthmus. There the entranced speculator stood and gazed. Primæval forests, it is true, with impenetrable brakes and pestilential swamps, swarming with terrible reptiles, barred the one ocean from the other. But the barrier was not insuperable. What *is* insuperable to the mortal brain and hand that raised the wall of China, that built the pyramids, nay, that summoned up among the abysses of those very forests on which Paterson then gazed—the magnificent lost cities of the Aztecs? His eagerly dreaming eyes could already see two kindred ports on the two great shores, with a broad causeway between them, over which the commerce of two worlds

rolled along in stupendous ebb and flow. That lone and dreamy stranger saw also in his vision, lines of quays extending along the crystal waters of the tropics ; forests of masts reflected in the waves, clouds of rich argosies, making populous the horizons of both oceans. What was the Alexandria of arid Africa compared to what the new emporium of two worlds might become ?

The mind of the dreamer expanded over such thoughts ; it moulded and remodelled them until they became plans ; those plans became a purpose ; and, finally, the object of a life.

Nor let us think that in the midst of a worldly success, which far exceeded the most golden dreams of his early youth, Paterson neglected the philanthropic mission that had first induced him to cross the seas. But in a bigoted country, where his own presence was barely tolerated, he found it impossible to attempt any of the reforms that he aspired to. These he was obliged to refer to the period when his schemes

upon the Isthmus were carried into effect, and that thought lent a new stimulus to the project. Even at Carthagena, he endeavoured, with national caution and courage, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves; and there came a day when even that abject people had an opportunity of proving that they could be grateful.

CHAPTER IX.

I know a lady fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown
Take care !
She gives a side glance and looks down
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom white as snow,
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to show
Beware ! beware !

HYPERION.

THERE are few scenes more interesting
to an observant mind than those which
occur daily at the great wharves where

foreign ships are laden; and we can imagine its picturesque effect at a tropical port, such as Carthagena, where several ships belonging to Alvarez are now discharging. No longer those great dark floating fabrics beat back the ocean's continual assault; no longer those tapering masts bend and creak under the weight of the storm. But internal commotion succeeds; the hold is thrown open to the warm air; blocks creak and cranes groan beneath the weight of great bales dislodged from their long resting place. Half-naked sailors heave at the wheel or windlass; swarthy porters stagger to and fro, with bended backs; yellow-faced clerks, with broad-brimmed hats and nankeen jackets, note down the goods as they emerge from the ship, and are borne away. Scents of all kinds, with all their associations, fill the air—musky odours and briny smells; even iron, and silk, and leather, are thus invisibly announced, and insensibly excite attention. Within the narrow-win-

dowed storehouses, also, there are sounds of life ; tramping feet, straining arms, commanding voices, scratching of pens ; there, though unseen, is also life, and life's lot—work, taskmastership, and slavery.

In the most remote part of the storehouse sat a tall, pale, noble-looking man—the master—THE MERCHANT PRINCE. There was the living centre, the moving spirit of all the busy crowd without ; of many a ship still far away, struggling with distant seas ; of earnest bargains, at that moment making, and grave arrangements, in many languages, and in many a remote city of the earth. The sun never set upon the business of his agents. In every hour of the twenty-four, in some part or other of the world, men were writing or speaking the name of Alvaro, the princely merchant of Carthagena:

His house was always open to travellers. In the times we speak of, their visits were but few and far between. We do not often meet with accounts of *amateur wan-*

derers in the west in those days of danger. Among those whom accident first sent adrift there, and whom a natural love of travel instigated to persevere in its pursuit, the names of Wafer and Dampier occupy a conspicuous place. The "voyage" of the former seems now more like a romance than most fictions that assume the title.

This enterprising man was welcomed heartily by Alvaro, and Paterson seems to have formed a lasting friendship and esteem for him. In after years, when the publication of his travels had given him a name and fame, Wafer was consulted with respect to the details of the great Darien scheme, and he then bore out, to the letter, all the statements made by Paterson. His arrival with Dampier was a great incident in Carthagena. Wafer had lived for a long time among the native Indians; Dampier had lately investigated the Isthmus, and declared it could even then be traversed in three days by way of Chiapo and Santa Maria.

The intelligence thus communicated gave a fresh impulse to the schemes of the partners. The great fair of Panama, held at the end of every eighteen months, at Portobello, was approaching, and Paterson resolved to take that opportunity of exploring the country between the Pacific and Atlantic sea-ports. He inquired of Wafer if he knew in what condition the buccaneers stood there, and whether they were likely to attack the Spanish galleons then on their voyage to Portobello. Wafer replied,—

“I think they are in low condition at present; they have been denounced both by France and England, and many of them have given up the trade. One of their most daring and skilful leaders, too, was lately caught by the Indians and fly-blown, in revenge for some acts of violence he had committed on their coasts. We saw him after that terrible execution; a miserable sight. They had bound him and a companion of his to two cedar trees, and

anointed them with honey: myriads of flies soon settled upon them, blackening them from head to foot; these flies and other insects slowly ate their skins away, and depositing their eggs within, these were soon vivified, and the poor fellows died in fearfully prolonged suffering. One was said to be the celebrated Lawrence, or Laurent, as the French call him, and the other was a Scotch sailor, who had only lately joined the Brotherhood."

Paterson was deeply moved with this intelligence, and inquired how it happened, that a man so powerful and subtle could have fallen into the Indians' hands.

"I heard the story very indistinctly," Wafer replied; "but I understood that Lawrence had gone in a canoe to one of the Caxones, it was supposed in search of buried treasure: they were caught by a tornado, and driven upon the coast, where they were too well known. They say, however, that there were three of

them, and as only two were put to death, one must have escaped."

Paterson was shocked and ashamed to find that a strange sense of pleasure, mingled with, and, as it were, shone through the dark horror that this story inspired. But death is a sure shelter for the faults of those whom it has deprived of erring sense and senses; and Paterson only thought of the murdered Buccaneer as he appeared at Sandilee, brave, brilliant, generous, and full of life. He seemed to him, too, to have fallen in the attempt to discharge a trust; for he well guessed that it was in search of the fatal treasure that the pirate lost his life.

It was not till after a long debate with himself, that he resolved to write to Alice. He informed her, as gently as he could, that her betrothed was dead, and that he had died in endeavouring to discharge (he did not say how tardily) his promise to her father. He then added some few lines regarding himself and his own posi-

tion. He did not venture to make any suit to her, but he gave her to understand, as well as his timidity would permit, that his affection for her had never altered; but that, without presuming on any occurrences of the auld lang syne, he should always consider it as a first duty, no less than the highest privilege, to render any service to her that his utmost efforts could perform. And so he ended; and committed his letter to Wafer, who was waiting for the first opportunity to return to Europe.

Meanwhile, the house of Alvaro prospered, and advanced daily in wealth, consideration, and power. The superior education and youthful energies of the two partners more than atoned for their want of experience. They could afford to commit some errors, and their talents often turned even mistakes ultimately to good account. The great scheme concerning the Isthmus was never allowed to slumber, but it was necessary first thoroughly to explore the destined scene of its operation,

and hence it was, that Paterson had resolved to visit Portobello, and was now making preparations for his voyage. His even and regular mode of life presented a considerable contrast to that of his equally energetic but more mercurial friend.

Sometimes Alvaro would entirely seclude himself from society, and devote all the great powers of his mind to private study; at other times he applied himself solely to the advancement of his business, which he looked on rather as a curious problem than as a means to greater wealth. Sometimes, however, his restlessness would take a social turn, and vent itself in festivals, whose magnificence was long remembered by the pale ladies of Carthagera with wonder and delight. In all his moods, his staid friend and partner could so far sympathize as to prevent estrangement; though, at the same time, he acted as a sort of pendulum to prevent excess on one hand or the other.

It was on the occasion ^{*} of a marriage between a young Peruvian merchant and the daughter of his brother merchant, Don Felipo, that Alvaro gave an entertainment which involved the young Scot in a romance that he little contemplated. The bride was rich and fair, but a mere child ; her kinswoman, who for some time had supplied the place of her lost mother, was also young, but she enjoyed the great privileges of a widow ; combining the independence of a matron with the attractions of a maid. Marina Gonzaga was her virgin name, which she had resumed after her very brief and not very happy wedlock. This last, however, was only presumed, for nothing was with certainty known of her earlier days, except that she then lived with an old uncle at Campeachy ; on the sack of that city by the buccaneers, she had escaped, after long wanderings, by great courage and ingenuity to Carthagena.

Her admirable beauty, together with her romantic reputation, her wit, and her in-

accessibility, had gained her numerous admirers. The ladies of Carthagenæ were seldom accused of coldness, but Marina had hitherto kept at a distance every individual of the sex which her experience had perhaps warned her to eschew. Alvaro himself, as well as most of those who beheld her, had at first been attracted by this superb and haughty beauty, but his very superiority of mind and person seemed the more to pique her disdain. The Moresco, proud as herself and a good deal pre-occupied, resigned her service with a careless smile. During his first acquaintance with the widow, he had offered to arrange some affairs for her at Portobello, and he now recommended his grave friend as his substitute in her confidence. The beautiful widow accepted the change with apparent pleasure, and the Scotchman was introduced to her dangerous presence.

The young Scot had, perhaps maliciously, been left uninformed by his friend of the sort of person whom he was to

serve. His secluded habits had kept him a stranger to society, and except for the puzzling page of Alice Graeme, he was utterly unread and inexperienced in the mystic book of woman's nature. He had simply understood from Don Alvaro that he might be useful to a widow lady, in whom his friend had taken much interest, and it was with a mind full of philanthropy and attuned to sympathy with an elderly widow's woe, that he ascended the white marble steps which lead to Marina's apartments.

Even the languid and dangerous climate of Carthagená had been rendered luxurious by the sensuous Spaniards of that time. Wide spread verandahs, with gay-coloured awnings, shaded the windows, and left a space where the sea-breeze might cool and become fragrant, tangled in the petals of a thousand flowers. In the court-yard a lofty fountain flung its spray into the sunshine, and the evaporation caused a gentle current of air to flow through the sur-

rounding apartments. The palmetto spread its branches over the roof, and rustled with every breath of wind created by the musical fall of waters below.

Into this deliciously cool retreat the young Scot passed from the scorching atmosphere without. A slave-girl, black and beautiful as an ebony statue, received his name and message ; and in a few minutes more, a wide curtain of curiously woven cotton was drawn aside, and the man of business passed through a screen of myrtle and orange trees into the presence of his client.

Her apartment resembled a pavilion rather than a room ; being on three sides supported only by pillars of polished cedar. Facing that by which one entered from the vestibule, rose the fountain before described, which shed its moisture on the white porcelain that this parquet was paved with. At each corner stood a crystal vase, containing gold and silver fish, and in the centre played a jet of perfumed

water. It was open towards the sea on one side and the court-yard on the other. The upper end of the room was furnished with a small marble table, and a very low and wide couch, after the eastern fashion, placed against the only solid wall, and this was lined with a great mirror ; so that the occupant of the divan could behold the sea and all its shipping reflected without any glare, through the jalousies opposite. In that land of the sun, to overcome his tyranny and enjoy all the products of his power, seemed the greatest exercise of taste and skill.

Far different from his old haunts by the Solway's stormy shore were these scenes, and all the sensations they awakened in the young Scot. Even in Carthagera, his own dwelling was of the simplest and least luxurious construction, and it was now, for the first time, that he felt the enervating influences of such appeals to the sense as surrounded him in Marina's fanciful abode. Every air he breathed was laden

with odours, every sound was musical, every sight was beautiful.

As he gazed around him, a female figure glided in. It was enveloped in a cloud of white and almost transparent gauze, but the gracefulness of the form within was revealed by its ease and majesty of movement,—the true Andalusian gait. It was Marina herself. As soon as she had sat down, or rather sunk into the cushions of the wide divan, she unveiled and fixed her brilliant eyes in astonishment on the Scot. She had expected to see an English merchant of the usual sort, with a bald head, wrinkled and sallow cheeks, and huge spectacles. She found in her new adviser a figure tall and upright, crowned by a comely head, that had never been bowed even in thought by one unworthy consciousness. Abundant but fine hair fell away from a white expansive forehead, and finely-arched brows shaded eyes of the clearest blue. Energy was legible in the nostril, but the almost feminine sweet-

ness of the mouth showed that it was energy rather of a passive than of an active kind.

Such was the aspect of the young Scot, who stood for some moments gazing on the beautiful Spaniard with a simple and unaffected look of surprise and admiration, which was far more flattering to her than the most courtly compliments. But soon her visitor's prepared expression of countenance changed to something like anxiety and trouble. That woman's glowing beauty fell on him like a sun-stroke; a vague idea of delightful danger, of painful pleasure seized him. He averted his eyes, and with the blood mounting to his pale forehead, he expressed some faltering suspicion that he had made a mistake,—that it was with a widow lady he sought the honour of an interview on business connected with her bereaved situation. Marina smiled half scornfully, but seeing her guest still standing in embarrassed silence, she

burst into a peal of laughter, that rang like merry music in the young merchant's anxious ears.

“Señor Escossez!” she exclaimed, at length; “you expected to find in me an old woman in black weeds; I expected to behold in you an elderly cavalier, with bent back and horrible bald head, or still more horrible peruke. I suspect that your magnificent friend, Don Alvaro, has prepared us for this mutual mistake; let us revenge ourselves on him by acting on our original belief, instead of our present discoveries. Draw near then, kind old friend, and repose upon this sofa; my sense of hearing is not what it used to be, and your venerable limbs no doubt require rest.”

The Scot, for the first time in his life, felt bewildered, but passively and in silence obeyed. After a short pause, the Señora tapped his arm with her folded fan, and demanded abruptly,—

“When do you sail for that horrid Campeachy?”

“As soon—as soon as possible,” faltered the merchant.

“Nay, nonsense,” rejoined Marina ; “Don Alvaro’s grand banquet, and my cousin’s marriage are not to take place for two days. You can’t go until after that.”

“Lady,” replied the Scot, solemnly, “I have little to do with such things. I am but a humble man of business, not of pleasure ; and I set myself certain tasks which it is my only and undivided object to accomplish.”

“And is it possible, Señor Escossez, that you, so young, have a heart so entirely devoted to the acquisition of mere wealth ?”

The Scot now looked up boldly into the Senora’s face. “I do not care for wealth, lady,” said he ; “else I were indeed unhappy. Even as that fountain is cold amidst the burning sunbeams, I am poor, though the medium of golden millions.”

“Nay, now I *know* you jest, for Don Alvaro told me that you were his dearest friend and only partner.”

“I will not force my confidence upon you, lady; but what I say is true, whatever may be the generous and mistaken belief of Don Alvaro. I came to this Western World with far different views than those of avarice. I brought hither many hopes and many resolutions; but the strongest of all these last was to touch no farthing of this damning gold, save such as had been purified by honest earning, and purchased by my own exertions.”

“Very strange!” exclaimed Marina, almost in soliloquy. “He talks more like one of the old romances than like a rational creature; and yet it pleases me.—Señor,” she added, with a short pause, and with some feeling, “have you left no one in your own country for whom, if not for yourself, you desire to win wealth?”

“None, lady!” replied the Scot, with a sigh. “But I have left there thousands of my countrymen for whom I hope to obtain a nobler benefit,—an honourable path from penury and care to prosperity and ease.

But, pardon me, I have no right and no desire to intrude my private concerns upon your ear. I wait to learn your commands for Portobello, whither I must soon depart."

The lady sighed and was silent; she was not thinking of Portobello or of dollars just then. She had heard, for the first time in her life, a man speak nobly, loftily, and earnestly of others' welfare. In the depths of her heart she found some echo to that strange language; but still, she felt more interested in the thinker than in his thoughts.

"This climate is really too oppressive," she said, "for prolonged visits of ceremony. Excuse me if I try to obtain a little repose for my frame, while my mind attempts to grapple with business."

So saying, as she rose, one of the living ebony statues presented her polished shoulder for her to lean upon, as she moved towards a sort of hammock, such as sailors use, but very different in texture, and richly

fringed with silken tassels to divert the flies. Reclined at full length on that moving couch, and rocked by her slaves to and fro with an almost imperceptible motion, the Señora seemed to find the repose she sought; her large lustrous eyes alone betrayed restlessness, as they sometimes pensively gazed upon the sea, but on the slightest pretext beamed full on her embarrassed visitor. He stood with folded arms, leaning against an adjoining pillar, endeavouring to look upon the floor, though occasionally thinking himself obliged to turn his eyes towards the undulating hammock, when its fair occupant addressed him.

“I think I can now give some account of my affairs,” she said, languidly and carelessly. “At the time that those terrible buccaneers plundered Campeachy, about three years ago, I was living there with a dear old uncle, who fell a victim to their barbarity. When the assault first took place, and our troops were beaten back, we saw

from our terrace the pirates pursuing them. An attempt to parley was made, but it was too late. The wild sailors, begrimed with dust and blood, were already clambering over the walls with their swords between their teeth. My poor uncle exclaimed, ‘Santa Maria ! it is all over—we are lost ! My child, I have only life to lose, and not much of that. *You* are in yet greater danger, and I charge you to fly by the Vega gate, towards the Logwood stores ; they will leave them to the last.* If you ever escape to Carthagená, you will find some property of mine in Don Felipo’s hands ; it is yours. But my chief wealth lies buried at Portobello, in the spot indicated by these tablets ; it also is yours. Now fly, and leave me to my prayers.’

“ I tried to stay with him, but he sternly drove me forth ; and I soon found myself borne along by a crowd of fugitives

* This, in effect, the buccaneers did, and afterwards made a bonfire of the logwood in their drunken orgies, in honour of Louis XIV. This fuel was worth half a million of money.

through the streets, and away into the country. Before we had got far, I could see the smoke and flames rising from the ruins that lately were our homes. I need not tell you through what trials and disasters I passed; having been captured at last by the leader of the buccaneers. After a long detention, however, I escaped, and found the refuge I now enjoy with my good kinsman Felipo."

Here the Señora paused, as if she hesitated how to explain something. But she soon went on, and thus concluded:—"I cared little for the buried treasure at Portobello as long as my property here lasted; but it is now almost gone. Felipo recommended me to consult the all-powerful Don Alvaro as to the recovery of my poor uncle's treasure, and he, it seems, has referred me to you. Now, therefore, my fortunes are in your hands: my kinsman would not, if he dared, go to that fatal place, where the demon of pestilence seems to guard its treasures. Not for worlds would I revisit

those scenes of horror. There are few whom I could trust with unknown treasure ; but if you will generously undertake my cause, I need only to look in your countenance to be assured that it is safe."

The Scot only bowed to the compliment, and saying that he must then retire, begged to know when the Señora would favour him with further information on the subject of his intended search.

"At Don Alvaro's fête," replied the lady, with a languid voice but earnest eye ; and the merchant no longer objected to that arrangement.

CHAPTER X.

There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signors, and rich burghers of the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curtsey to them,—do them reverence
As they fly by them by their woven wings.

SHAKSPERE.

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Childe Harold.

THE day of the Fiesta was come. Many a fair bosom beat high as its owner thought of the coming pleasure; to many, perhaps, not pleasure only, but the fate of a life seemed involved in that event. "There would *he* surely be; and in so wide a space, and so great a crowd, and with so many attractions round, surely

there would be opportunity"—for what? Ah! such questions are only to be answered by the future.—That future is now impending, now close at hand. Ruby lips are murmuring, "How can we lull our senses into indifference, and subside into the soft siesta? Impossible! We shall look pale, very pale to-night; but then our eyes will light up the brighter; and who cares for aught but the passionate thoughts that they reveal?"

So thought many a Señora and Señorita on the day that ushered in Alvaro's fiesta.

The palacio of the Merchant Prince was arrayed with all that the brilliance of a cultivated oriental imagination could dictate to unbounded and unstinted wealth. The sun was not to look upon the festival, for who could dare to encounter aught but labour under his tyrant reign within the tropics? But evening came, with all the magnificence of the starry sky that is only displayed in that glowing climate. Then

care and business go to rest, and pleasure wakes.

The palacio was but one story high, but it was proportionably widely spread. From the garden entrance an alameda, or avenue of stately trees led to a wide circular space, in the centre of which a fountain scattered its vanishing diamonds over a border of fragrant flowers. A coloured awning, extended from tree to tree, made one vast aisle of the whole avenue; and coloured lamps, not confusedly scattered, but each assembled in masses of kindred colour, gave every variety of changing hues, while millions of fire-flies glanced to and fro, as if ministering to the more stationary lights. From the alameda ran quiet passages, scarcely lighted, or left altogether to the moon: some of these led out upon the open garden, some into small kiosks, paved with porcelain. Gigantic slaves, magnificently dressed, carried about vases of iced sherbet and snow, sweetened with every delicate flavour, from the

perishable mangosteen to the familiar vanilla. Wines from every precious grape in Europe presented themselves on rustic tables. Music, in subdued tones, was heard, now here, now there; but never in the more shadowy places, where many guests reclined on Persian carpets, reposing their senses to enable them to take fresh draughts of delight. Within the palacio, no one could recognize its former state. Some of the spacious apartments were converted into bowers of beautiful flowering plants, woven together with Indian art. Some rooms were hung with rich crimson draperies, and lighted with warm coloured lamps, whose glow made the palest cheek look lovelier than the roses that festooned the marble pillars. Other apartments, pervaded with a greenish lustre, suited those whose thoughts were pensively inclined. Beyond these, a vast saloon was draperied with shadowy silks of uncertain hue, set off with the plumage of the flamingo and the tulcan,

which seemed to nestle in its folds. Yet farther on, in a perfect blaze of light, was the banqueting hall, open all round to the evening breeze, and supported only on cedar pillars, and domed with invisible gauze. Beneath it, gold and silver gleamed and glowed in every conceivable form over a great circular table, covered with snow-white porcelain instead of damask; and in the midst of it, among fruits and flowers, a fountain of iced and perfumed water flashed and sparkled in the gold-reflected light. Meats, the most delicate, set off by the most refined art, and wines of all sorts, from the rich vines of Shiraz to the native "pulque," were abundantly spread and constantly renewed. All round, outside the banqueting hall, the full moon shone down through tall cedar and palmetto trees, affording a deeply striking contrast to the splendid glare and glow within. All along, through the suite of various apartments, music from no visible lip or instrument floated on the fragrant

air, and afforded, as it might be, an accompaniment to the thought that each scene inspired, from soft sentimental flute-breathings, to the loud fanfaronnade of shawms and kettle-drums and trumpets. Yet so vast was the palace, that neither sight nor sound of one description interfered with the harmony of all.

But words are wasted on such scenes, and only display their own poverty in attempting the most feeble sketch of that, which, seen blended in one magnificent mass, might have won admiration from Simon Stylites.

No Simons or ascetics, however, were the Carthagenians who thronged the palacio of Alvaro. Warm-hearted imaginative Epicureans rather, whose alternately ardent and languid natures now lent themselves freely and unreservedly to the pleasure of the passing hour; plunging into enjoyment like a sea-bird among the waves, and revelling there with a serene sort of *abandon* such as no

northern host has ever been able to inspire in his guests.

Some were masked, some undisguised, some were magnificently arrayed, some dressed in the most perfect simplicity; some danced the majestic but expressive dances of Old Spain; others, roused by excitement into activity, performed the more active dances introduced from other countries. Many sat round the gaming-tables, forgetful of all but the fleeting chances developed by cards or dice. Some lounged slowly away towards the quiet gardens in couples; and often might be seen the wide-cloaked Spaniard, like a great vampire bat, hovering near his Inez, and no doubt, like that subtle phlebotomist, lulling all sense of danger by soothingings that converted any vague sense of pain into pleasure. Some guests were formed into parties, asking for news, and congratulating themselves that there was *none*. The lord of the feast moved about from group to group with graceful courtesy

and kindly greetings ; making each guest feel more at ease, and as if he himself were the most honoured, or she the most admired. All were occupied, all social, except one. Tinwald wandered with folded arms alone through the fairylike scenes ; he felt that he had no more in common with them, than had the disturbed birds in the gilded aviary which bounded one of the broad garden walks. As the dying gladiator from his pain, so he was from his pleasure, wiled away to thoughts of his humble home by the sad Solway's distant waves. His sombre thoughts led him insensibly towards the arcades of trees which, though silvered by the moonlight, seemed dark contrasted with the brilliant glare that lighted up the dancing groups and the gaming-tables close to the palacio.

“ Truly,” he muttered to himself, “ we rather convey our impressions *to* the things around us than receive from them a colouring. In yonder soft music I hear the

voice of Alice ; in those fountains I hear the wash of the Solway on the shingles ; nay, in those shrieking shawms and stern trumpets, I find recalled the fate of poor Lawrence—Rest his soul !” As the Scot thus communed with his own thoughts he sauntered slowly on, gazing at the stars. The quick rustle of a fan aroused him from his meditations ; it touched his arm—the Señora Marina stood before him.

Beauty is never so beautiful as by moonlight ; the voice is never so sweet and subtly penetrating as in such softly stilly nights ; especially if there be the vague hum of crowds and confused faint music afar off to contrast with it. Marina knew well her power, and knew it to be most powerful at such a time. She felt attracted towards the melancholy Scot, cold or diffident as he seemed to be. She had resolved to make him feel for *her*, if he had never felt before, and she was not displeased to see him start when he beheld her.

“ Señor Escossez,” she said ; “ I see I do

not interrupt you in any hospitable duty. You remember you promised to take some instructions from me ; your excellent kindness cannot have forgotten it. And they tell me you sail to-morrow ?”

“ Yes, lady, as soon as the morning land-breeze will fill our sails.”

“ So soon !” exclaimed Marina, in a tone that lingered longer in the Scot’s ear than he conscientiously approved. “ Well ! let us rest on this mass of carpet. Yonder magnificence, and all such pageants, weary, if they do not intoxicate one. I have gone through it all, too, with the bride and bridegroom of to-morrow. I have eaten and drunk and danced and played faro (how recklessly that tall black mask does fling about his gold, and how coolly he piles it up all around him !) I am tired, and for sympathy sake I want to tire you. Sit down, I tell you. You call yourself a man of business, yet you hesitate to receive your instructions. There ; you need not sit quite so stiffly, or you might as well be

standing. Now ; here, in the first place, is the tablet containing the clue by which you are to find this poor treasure. And if you lose it, remember there is a path leading behind the church of San Lorenzo, up the hill, by a fuchsia hedge, to a ruined fountain. North of the fountain—— Ah ! did you hear some one near ?—No ?—Well, never mind ; you have the tablet, and we will talk of something better than this sordid treasure. Ah me !—it is to be so sought. Do tell me, dear Escossez, have you ever sought for anything more precious still ? Nay, don't be frightened. I did not mean to be inquisitive ; it was only to give you an opportunity to talk.”

“ Lady,” replied Tinwald, timidly, but with awakened interest, “ I know not how to talk in words suitable to you. I am but a plain man——”

“ So much the better ; then speak plainly. Do people ever love in the cold country that you come from ? ”

“ They do, lady ! ” rejoined the Scot, with

an earnestness that, alas ! was not all for Alice, though he thought it was ; “ they love in that cold distant land, lady, with a fervour and truth and faith, that it would be well if they felt for things on high.”

“ I don’t believe it. I don’t believe it !” said the Señora. “ At least, I don’t believe it of the men. Man ever seeks to economize his passion, and keep it within due bounds, and all that. But woman, in the warmth of her noontide love, scorns such cold calculating reserve, and delights to lavish upon him she loves, all, all that she possesses—far more than man could ever, even if he would, bestow ! With woman, love is indeed a passion ; with you it is but an art. Is it not so ? Do not wait to make phrases about it, but tell me. Is it not—is it not so ?”

“ There never was any art in mine !” replied Tinwald, with truthful simplicity.

“ Then you *have* loved !” exclaimed the Señora, fixing her large dark lustrous eyes on his, with a power of expression that

made him turn away, as if he could not bear their intense brightness.

“I dare not answer such a question here,” he replied, with an instinctive attempt at gallantry that surprised himself. At the same time he rose and declared that he must take his leave: the stars were already fading in the sky, and he had much to do. Marina, too, rose languidly, and accompanied him towards the gaming-tables, then an indispensable accompaniment of every merrymaking. It seemed as if the tall black mask, of whom Marina had spoken, had only just resumed his seat as they drew near the table; for immediately there was a renewed stir among the players, and pocketed gold was once more dragged into action to renew its dangerous vicissitudes. The mask played as before, almost recklessly—he lost largely, but he won still more. At last, rising from the table suddenly, he bowed courteously to his late companions and withdrew, without having uttered a word in

Paterson's hearing. Soon afterwards, most of the other guests took their leave.

Tinwald and Alvaro were walking apart in deep and earnest conversation. Two or three groups still held together and strove to persuade themselves that it was still too early to depart; and Marina, who had joined the pale and weary bride-elect, endeavoured to convince her that she ought to remain to the latest; especially as her intended bridegroom was still just finishing a "last game," which had apparently been renewed a dozen times. But the festival was over;—over, with all its triumphs, bitterness, joys, and sorrow. Every such fête, however carelessly spoken of, may be considered a pitched battle in the campaign of life. To the veterans it makes little difference; but to the young recruits of the social army it is a great event—ushered in with heart-beatings, and high hopes and latent fears; encountered with an excitement that renders deaf to danger; everything unregarded until everything is gone by; the

sound of music deadening every sense of pain; bright eyes flashing, words dealt out recklessly—all is over now!

Marina, who thought that she had triumphed, felt like a conqueror on that bloodless field of battle. She moved among the decaying flowers, the sunk and glimmering lights, with slow steps and thoughtful brow. On the confusedly chalked floors, an hour before, bright bounding life had swarmed—the beautiful, the plain, the high born and the plebeian—had gathered there. There, the long desired silk had gleamed beneath its precious but unnoticed lace: there, the gauze had spread its finely woven nets, and not in vain; there eyes had gleamed with an expression that words did not dare to utter, and hands been daringly clasped that did not know whether to shrink from, or return the magnetic pressure. There, in that familiar room—in the morning to be trodden as usual by the feet of slaves—had hearts been given, and hearts been

betrayed,—all the most eventful incidents of woman's life had there found an arena. But the struggle was now over. Even she, the conqueror, must withdraw: and the palacio of Alvaro was left in all its picturesque confusion to its usual occupants.

As the day dawned, Alvaro and his friend were still pacing up and down a broad walk that looked out upon the sea. A slight rustle of the awnings told that the land breeze had awakened, and warned Tinwald to depart. His ship, the Buonaventura lay with loosened sails near the palace walls, like one of Claude's exquisite creations, half-light, half-shadow in the dawn: and already, through "the Bocca," a small 'Mudian * vessel was seen steering for the sea, while the sounds of awakening life were heard along the shore.

* A name applied by sailors to very fast-sailing boats of the Bermuda rig, viz., one tall raking mast, stepped in the bows: the sail sets almost in the form of a pyramid; it is admirably adapted for navigation in those seas.

Tinwald hastened on board ; Andreas accompanying him, to be restored to his native hills. The ship moved slowly from her station, and gradually, as she felt the breeze, assumed a livelier motion and passed out into the sea ; the little 'Mudian looking already like a mere speck on the horizon. Tinwald's first impulse was to examine the tablet that Marina had committed to his care. Enclosed with it, was a beautiful miniature of its giver, set with diamonds, on which the Scot gazed long and steadfastly, only, as he thought, to see if it was really like. It wanted nothing but life and size and fragrance, and a warm breath and sweet words, to be herself. He at length turned to the tablet. The directions were given with great care ; in those days, when there were no banks and scarcely any security, vast quantities of treasure were thus buried. As the life of its owner was also so uncertain, and the clues to the burial places were kept profoundly secret, the greater part was

probably lost. There are few islands, or remote places on the shores of the Isthmus, that have not legends of wealth lying hidden in the earth. The directions ran thus :—

“ Behind the church of San Lorenzo, path towards the north, fuchsia hedge ; broken fountain ; carved lion in* a line with two palmettos ; one hundred paces on, triangular stone ; from sharp angle, through the jungle, three hundred paces ; a fallen tree ; a copper ring.”

CHAPTER XI.

Full oft I trode the magic scene, and marked the wondrous
hoard
Of works of arts and industry from every region pour'd ;
I saw from earth's remotest bounds the way-worn traveller
come,
To scan the treasured stores, and bear the news to distant
home.

The Exhibition.—A. STODART.

PUERTO-BELLO, or the Beautiful Harbour, was also, by a dismal antithesis, called the “Spaniard’s Grave,” from the deadly influences that lurked beneath its loveliness. Nevertheless this whited sepulchre was once stately and proud in its prosperity, as it is now picturesque in its ruin and decay.

Columbus himself selected the site of the future city—a natural amphitheatre on the declivity of a mountain, embracing in its bold sweep a magnificent harbour which is almost calm in the wildest tornado. It is so clear that when leaning over its waters, you can discern sea-monsters roaming through their sub-aqueous groves, and among the coral cliffs that project from the silvery sands far down below; while on the surface are reflected every feature of the varied landscape around, the remains of the old city, and the scattered dwellings that compose the present village.

Portobello has now, as ever, an evil name. No European lingers there an hour longer than his necessities compel him. No child born beneath its fatal sky survives: domestic animals perish under the same influences, and even flowers transplanted hither soon fade and die; the native reptiles alone voluntarily inhabit

the shattered haunts of men, the ruins in which Vernon's artillery have long since laid the city.

At the time when Paterson visited Portobello, it had already lost much of its original importance and strength. Morgan's sack of the city in 1670 had proved fatal to its prosperity; and it was now only repopled once in the year, for the great fair that received its title from the Isthmus.

The fair of Panama was very singular in its origin, organization and the appearance it presented. It was the great mart of the "Spanish Indies;" and into its brief space was compressed all the commercial transactions of the year between Spain and her flourishing colony. By great foresight and careful arrangement the produce of Peru and the Pacific shores was conveyed to Panama, so as to be transferred by mules and the river Chagres to Portobello, about the period of the arrival of the

Spanish galleons from Europe. These ships, strongly armed and richly laden with the produce of the Old World, arrived with wonderful regularity at Portobello. In a long sequence of years, there appears to have been no failure, and but few delays in their passage westward. Not so, however, on their return homeward, when they were the favourite game of the Buccaneers, and the many enemies of Spain. The course of the galleons was bound down by the strictest orders ; and that course was better known to those who waited for them, in such ambush as the seas afford, than to their own pilots. Therefore every precaution was taken to render these great merchantmen formidable ; and they frequently not only defended themselves successfully, but took prizes on their homeward way.

Paterson's object in visiting Portobello was, as we have seen, twofold ; the exploring of the route thence to Panama, in furtherance of his great Isthmian scheme ;

and the secondary purpose of securing such articles brought by the galleons from Europe as the Panama merchants were not prepared to buy, according to the law provided in such cases. To these two objects was now added the Señora Marina's delicate commission. For this reason he did not share in the disappointment of his crew, when entering the noble harbour of Portobello, they found its surface unbroken by a single ship. Everything, however, betokened expectation of their arrival. The shore was covered with temporary buildings. New awnings were stretched over mouldering houses. The ruined castles that commanded the narrow entrance to the harbour were manned for the occasion, and guns peered through their broken embrasures. The gaudy banner of Spain flaunted its scarlet and gold over the dilapidated castle; and a suddenly-created village of tents and huts, roofed with broad palmetto leaves, almost filled up the circuit of the old city.

It was the hour of siesta when Tinwald landed. The sun was fiercely blazing on the varied scene around, where there was no sign or sound of any living thing. Even the banners hung motionless, for the very air was asleep. But the hardy Scot strode on through the echoing streets ; on by the church of San Lorenzo, beneath the motionless foliage of the trees ; on through the scorched unrustling grass, and up the mountain's steepy side, with a still unfaltering step. What could instigate him to such unnatural exertion ? Earnest he always was in every action, but he was calm withal. Now there was passionate energy in his gait and bearing.

Oh, subtle power of beauty ! hadst thou, lightning-like, struck that heart whose very steeledness had attracted the fatal fire ? Was it thine electric spirit that thrilled through every fibre of that strong man's frame, and every organ of his imagination ? If so, he was unconscious of

the spell that was upon him. In his own belief, there was but one woman upon earth who could influence his soul, and she was far away; distant but distinct; pure, and bright, and cold. How was it, then, that those dark ages, full of gleaming, dreamy light, were so often before him? Why did those crimson lips, yea, and the very warmth of their breathing, intrude themselves on his memory, when he only tried to remember the commission that they gave? Why, when he looked round for the broken fountain, did he almost expect to see beside it that softly-rounded and majestic form?

Answer thou, whose fidelity has never been tested; thou, who knowest not whether it be weak or strong. Such a one as thou mayest say that the young Scot had found a new love. If so, it was such love as the sailor bears to the storm that speeds him forward, it may be, to his doom. If a suspicion ever crossed his mind, that

Marina's dark spell was upon him, he shuddered, and prepared himself to wrestle with the danger.

Whatever was his motive, he still pressed up against the mountain's side; zealous to accomplish his task in this, the stillest hour, perhaps, that might elapse, before the world beneath him awoke to pleasure, or business, or curiosity. He now found himself by the fuchsia hedge; its perishable blossoms were still hanging there, as noted by the dead merchant long years before. Beyond it lay the designated path, and then the slow trickle of water soon met the traveller's ear. The fountain was still living; still shaded by tall palmetto trees. The lion, carved in stone, still lay in a line with two of those trees. Measuring a hundred paces by that line, the seeker found a triangularly-shaped stone, quite overgrown with rank vegetation. Thick jungle surrounded the spot, and it was with difficulty that the searcher pressed on in the direction assigned by the acute

angle of the stone. At length he reached the withered stem, and close beside it was the prostrate tree, beneath which he discovered the copper ring.

Beyond this, there was no attempt at concealment. The ring was attached to a circular lid of the same metal, about a foot and a half in diameter. It appeared to cover a cylinder of the same dimensions ; which proved, on farther inspection, to be constructed in sliding pieces, like a telescope, doubtless to facilitate its carriage. It extended to the depth of several feet, and was filled to the very brim with packages of cotton, each sealed, and inscribed with certain cyphers.

Having carefully replaced the lid, and rolled over it the withered trunk, Tinwald rose to depart, congratulating himself that he had Andreas to rely upon to assist in the transport of the treasure. As he turned, however, from his task, he heard a rustle in the jungle ; instinctively he grasped his pistol, but perceiving that it was a human

figure, he returned the weapon to his belt. It did not require a moment's hesitation to decide him whether wealth was worth a human life. The stranger now stepped forward, masked as he was at Don Alvaro's fiesta (for it was the same.)

"Yours," he said, quietly, and in Spanish, "is true courage; and like true courage it has proved your safety. Had you presented that pistol you had died. We must have another look at your treasure, however; and if only for your satisfaction, we will count it."

So saying, the stranger kicked away the fallen tree, plucked off the lid, and soon tossed out thirteen of the cotton packages.

"Look you," said he,—“there are no more. Now, I shall take one as my commission, and I want it urgently for the present; the rest is entirely at your Excellency's disposition.”

Paterson, though backward to shed blood, was not without some Scottish ire, after all;

and he now boldly confronted his unwelcome visitor.

“That property,” he exclaimed, “is not mine to dispose of, nor shall you touch it whilst I live !”

He stepped towards the stranger to lay hands upon him, but the latter retiring more quickly, snatched a lasso from beneath his cloak, and cast it with a sudden jerk. Its inevitable coil circled for one moment round the Scot, and quickly was drawn together with strangling tightness. The stranger then easily flung him to the ground, secured his arms with half a dozen knots, and politely assisted him to rise. Red with shame and anger, the Scot was thus forced to remain passive, whilst the stranger leisurely replaced the twelve packages, the lid, and the fallen tree. Tinwald was then conducted out of the jungle, down the mountain, and close to the city suburbs. There his persecutor unbound him, warned him, in a mocking manner, not to give

notice of his adventure to the Governor of Panama, or his officers, and then disappeared in a crowd that was passing by with a procession of some saint.

The Scot stood still for a moment; he had self-command enough to reflect whether the advice he had just received might not be good, and he decided in the affirmative. The police of those times was seldom resorted to, and was corrupt in the extreme. Even by law, however, the governor could claim for the Spanish crown one-fifth of the amount as "treasure-trove," and doubtless would deem it his duty to involve the whole in the meshes of the law; and the law, as then administered in Spanish America, was almost as much dreaded as the Court of Chancery is in England.

On the whole, therefore, and to his great disgust, the Scot decided that the best thing he could do was to take the robber's advice; and meanwhile watch over the treasure that remained, until an opportunity should occur for him to remove it to his ship.

As he was thus considering, he was arrested by a guard of soldiers. His name was demanded, and he was removed to prison, without being able to ascertain the nature of the accusation against him. Spanish justice is notoriously dilatory, and he might have lingered in jail for months, but for the exertions of Andreas, who was now, by Alvaro's means, furnished with a "letter of protection." That faithful friend bestirred himself among the merchants, who were all-influential just then. One of them, for the sake of Alvaro, offered himself as security for the Scot; and the next morning he was set free. It appeared that he had been denounced as a spy of the Buccaneers; but the name of his accuser was kept secret. He had little doubt as to the identity of that personage, however, with the masked stranger; and he returned to his ship, oppressed by the saddest misgivings as to the safety of the treasure entrusted to his care.

On ascending the ship's side, the skipper

communicated to him, that “an unpleasant, or at least a suspicious, circumstance happened this morning at daybreak. A periagua,” he continued, “was rowed alongside us by two Indians. In the stern was a man, closely muffled in his cloak, who put yonder cask aboard us, said it was for your excellency, and pulled off again. I did not like to reject it; but I fear it may bring us into trouble with the authorities on shore; as all ladings, without the governor’s authority, are so strictly forbidden.”

The cask was taken down into the cabin; and within it Paterson found, to his great surprise, the casket containing the twelve cotton packages, with their seals unbroken. He carefully replaced them in their receptacle, marvelling greatly at the sort of robber whom he had encountered. The cask was, by Paterson, secured, directed to Don Alvaro’s private care, and without placing any suspicious value upon it, was stowed away in the hold, where the expected cargo was to follow.

This interlude having concluded satisfactorily, the Scot proceeded to the chief business that had called him to Portobello. The sun was now set, and was succeeded by a brilliant moonlight, notwithstanding the vapours that at the same time began to rise from the fatal shore, and floated in thin clouds just above the temporary but picturesque village.

The sounds from the shore now told that the hour of business and enjoyment was arrived. The Scot betook himself to his boat, and on presenting the Governor with the customary presents (not *then* called bribes), was honourably received. Apologies for his arrest were at the same time made, and an assurance that his false accuser should be sought for. Then the Scot strolled forth upon the shore, dreaming the reveries that his soul most lived in; and finding harmony to his thoughts in the gentle music of the sea, which scarcely murmured against that sheltered shore. The hum of men sounded pleasantly in his

ears, too distant to distinguish the many evil words of which it was composed: it spoke to the philanthropist only of energies honestly employed, and the communication between man and man which was essential to the welfare of all. Those men were strangely lodged; striped tents, long huts, booths of palmetto branches, bent down and covered with their own wide-spreading leaves: these were the dwellings of the great merchants of the west, and these the storehouses of their enormous wealth. To them it was necessary for the dreamer soon to return, but still he lingered by the shore; for the sound of a guitar, and the notes of a woman's voice accompanying it, had fallen upon his ear. Swiftly gliding among his dreams came that beautiful image that he had dismissed so often from his fancy, but in vain. Why should he fear her? What was there to complain of in her confidence, her marked preference, her matchless form, her eloquent words? Was he not alone, utterly alone in the wide world? Was not

his heart made to love? Was not this woman altogether lovely?

She was *not*. Radiant as were her eyes, regular her features, satin-soft her skin, august her form—the tempter had endowed her with all that he could bestow. But the aspect of purity was beyond his power; and *that* the young Scot felt to be wanting, slight as had been his intercourse with woman-kind. Strange it is, how manifest in woman's look is woman's sin, however secret, however unsuspected! It is apparent to the simplest instinct, provided that instinct itself be pure, and sufficiently unclouded by prejudice to be impartial.

Therefore it was that the Scot feared Marina, and the very thoughts of her that were daily making for themselves a place within his mind.

He turned away from the solitude whose Egeria she had become, and dived among the haunts of men. There, in their various and fantastic dwellings, he saw the pale Spaniards, lounging on carpets beneath

coloured lamps, playing at dice, or sipping chocolate, or comparing books; every mouth was furnished with a cigar, which was smoked almost vehemently, not only as a luxury, but a protection from miasma. Few emotions were visible on their grave bearded faces, even when sudden ruin rolled out from the dice-box, and lay written on the ivory in those black little spots that have cyphered despair to thousands. Not seldom, too, was their apathy tested by some scorpion or gleaming snake crawling into the folds of their long robes, attracted by the warmth. But the influence of national character and climate (and perhaps of tobacco) made those multitudes wonderfully calm, and languid as the lotos-eaters.

Suddenly, however, there arose a great commotion in the camp. A gun from one of the castles was fired, and a vast beacon shot up at the same time, tinging the sea far and wide, with its ruddy glare. The galleons were in sight, and every one was

roused to the greatest excitement that the year afforded.

A fair and steady north wind was blowing, and by the time the shore was fringed with the eager expectants, the light of whose cigars glimmered like countless fireflies, the leading Spanish ship entered the harbour; her wide sails looking blood-red as they glided by the beacon. Salvos of artillery then rent the heated air; bonfires blazed up through the smoke as it slowly rolled away; boats and canoes shot out from shore, and the water glowed with the phosphorescent light that flashed around their bows, and oars, and paddles.

That night there was no sleep in Portobello. The news from Europe,—the old home of many; the amount of cargo, of momentous interest to all; the landing of old friends and new adventurers—all these sources of excitement roused even Spanish languor, and created almost a European stir, busy and tumultuous.

But this state of things soon settled

down into the peace of regularity. The excitement was rather caused by imagination than by any real uncertainty. Owing to the admirable arrangements then usually made, the European ships brought exactly what the merchants wanted and expected to receive. The Scottish merchant was struck by the calm decorous manner in which the great traffic was carried on ; and still more by the high spirit of honour and corresponding confidence that prevailed between the merchants of Eastern and Western Spain. Sacks of dollars were accepted without counting their contents, and ingots of gold were received at their stated weight. Demands made from Spain by mere word of mouth were as duly honoured as if demanded by all the authority of law ; and consignments were made to men five thousand miles distant, whom the consigner had never seen.

All these details may appear dry and uninteresting to those who only glance over these pages for amusement ; but they

are not without importance and deep meaning to those who disdain not to have trains of reflection awakened even by the novelist. The sentiments of honour that prevailed in these transactions was the life-spring of Spanish commerce in those times : it was the chivalry of the merchant—ennobling his search for gold, as the chivalry of the warrior redeemed the bloody trade of arms.

How the concerns of our Carthagena partners fared in this remarkable mart is now of little moment. Wherever great foresight and activity have great capital and credit to work upon, they seldom fail to achieve great triumphs. In Paterson's mind, however, all things, save his duty to his partner, were subservient to the Isthmian scheme ; and in the conjunction of the trade between two worlds, he naturally found inexhaustible matter for inquiry and examination. The world is wonderfully ready to assist any man who wants to borrow nothing of it but advice

and information. No one, comparing the value set on these two gifts with the value of two dollars, could guess at their relative importance. Thus Paterson, who would have starved rather than have begged a peseta from the merchants of Panama, was neither ashamed nor refused when he begged for information relative to the coast, the rivers, the produce, and the inhabitants of the country in which his hopes were garnered. The one subject of gold mines he did not dare to inquire about; nor, indeed, did he consider it of importance, compared with the establishment of a colony, and that colony's facilities of trading with its mother country. Nevertheless, even of those mysterious mines he obtained most of what scanty information was to be had. This was accomplished by leading the native merchants to debate upon the subject; they naturally betrayed that, in support of their opinion, which they would not have revealed under

any torture—less than that of having their argument undervalued.

At length the fair was nearly ended. Some of the merchants were gone; others were dead of the marsh-fever and the vomito; many sailors had died of the same, intensified by debauch. The merchants who survived were packing up; and the sailors who were sober were preparing for sea. The Scot prepared to return to his partner, intending to examine the coast carefully as he sailed along. The cargo that he had calculated upon had been supplied, and he now only waited until the departure of one of the galleons, with which he purposed to sail for some distance in company.

As he was waiting for his boat one evening, a figure muffled in a cloak approached him. He soon recognized the stranger who had robbed him, yet rendered him such good service.

“Good evening, amigo mio!” said the stranger, “if to couple such a blasted

evening with good does not sound ironical : one might as well breathe the air of a slave-ship's hold ; infernal climate, that it is ! ”

“ Señor,” replied the Scot, “ though I have to thank you for one good deed, there is enough of offence over and above the balance of your service to render our future acquaintance as scant as may be convenient.”

The stranger knocked the ashes off his cigar, and was silent for a minute before he thus rejoined,—

“ We have a proverb at Cadiz, Señor Mercadante, that the sailor who wants to caulk his boat mustn't turn up his nose at pitch. Now, you are afloat in a craft that won't hold water, and I come to offer you a caulk that may be worth all the cargo in yon ship of yours—which is, let me see, as *per invoice*, ‘ Genoa velvet, double pile, forty bales ; *item*, fine Malaga wine, (true Falernian, eh ?) fifty hogsheads ;

item, two caskets of Arabian emeralds, one hundred in each, &c., &c.’ ”

The Scot was by no means so much pleased, as he was surprised, to hear the contents of his ship thus accurately specified ; but he felt that he had no right to quarrel with a person professing friendly motives, and evidently so well-informed. He muttered, half in soliloquy,—

“ *Timeo Danaos*,”—when he was interrupted by the stranger, who carried on the quotation,—

“ *Et dona ferentes ?* ” and then paused for a reply.

The Scot was mollified, in spite of himself, by this unexpected display on the stranger’s acquaintance with his favourite “ humanities.”

“ I must know what the donation is,” he said, “ before I either promise to accept it or feel grateful for it.”

“ As you please,” replied the stranger : “ I am summoned hence, and can only give

you one word of advice: make sail as soon as you can get your anchor a trip, and steer as straight as the winds will carry you for Carthagenæ. I give you this advice not from any romantic regard for you, but because it is my wish, for a certain lady's sake, that you should arrive there safely. And, hark ye, hoist your colours at your main-top instead of the mizen-peak."

So saying, the stranger withdrew, and left the Scot to exercise all the habitual debateness of his nation upon the suggestion he had so singularly received.

It was a period of great danger; and the wildest adventures, especially at sea, were then credible. The Scot was as devoid of personal fear as any adventurer that ever left his gallant country, but he felt that he had no right to jeopardize his friend's property. Moreover, his Isthmian scheme might be delayed, if not defeated, by any accident that befell its contriver. He had himself determined to land at Chagres, in order to explore the

Isthmus ; but he determined to adopt the stranger's advice, by sending the *Buonaventura* straightway to Carthagera. He, therefore, sent orders to his ship to prepare for sea ; and in the meantime he sought the captain of the galleon, to give him an account of his immediate departure, and his reasons for doing so.

The skipper was a brave old Spaniard, of great experience on those seas ; and, somewhat to the Scot's surprise, he received his communication with great gravity.

"You are quite right, Señor," he exclaimed, after some thought. "I would to San Joachim that I were ready to sail with the midnight's tide, and I would be away also. But 'tis impossible ; and, besides, might be useless. I do not like your accomplished stranger : I am afraid I have heard of him before. However, I must sail to the hour my orders specify — that is a point of honour : and you know, Caballero, that honour is the breath of a Spaniard's nostrils."

The skipper having thus spoken, took snuff, shook his head, and made a profound salutation of farewell to his companion. That night the *Buonaventura* sailed, and sped safely to her destination. Twenty-four hours afterwards, the galleon also put to sea. She was attacked by Buccaneers, after she left the harbour; she fought stoutly, but was taken, and every soul on board of her was put to death.

CHAPTER XII.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy, and sorrow learn ;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

HYPERION.

WHILE the Buonaventura was returning to Carthagera, Paterson pursued his way, with Andreas, by land towards Chagres. Alvaro, on forwarding the casket to the Señora Marina, was not surprised to receive, in return, a request to see him.

On repairing to Don Felipo's hacienda, he found the beautiful widow in the apartment where Tinwald had seen her. Its luxury was to him familiar, and, constitu-

tionally, a matter of indifference. But perhaps he was scarcely equally philosophical as regarded the superb specimen of woman that reclined in the silken hammock, rocking to-and-fro, in a paradoxical sort of restless repose. The casket lay unopened by her side; and the first inquiries made by Marina were concerning the young Scot, who had sent it. Alvaro, with an unconcealed smile of satisfaction, saw what was uppermost in her mind. He pronounced a high eulogy on the calm enthusiasm and unostentatious courage of his friend; and he pleased himself with watching the widow's eyes beaming brighter, and her pale cheek glowing as he spoke. He told her that the young Scot was gone to Panama, in prosecution of a great enterprise; and that the length of his journey was very uncertain, as he might visit Chili and Peru before his return.

This intelligence seemed to make a great impression on the widow, who did not hesitate to confess the interest that she took in

the matter. Alvaro at length suggested that she should examine the casket; and that it might be well to take measures for the safety of its contents, which were probably of great value. It was opened. As soon as the first package was uncovered, the pensive Señora displayed as much eagerness in its examination as any of her slaves, who crowded round with a familiarity which, to European eyes, would seem very incompatible with their servile state. The most privileged among them poured out from the first package a mass of precious stones that surprised even Alvaro. Glimmering diamonds, glowing rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, flashed sparkling in brilliant confusion on the white and almost transparent drapery in which Marina was enveloped. She was surprised into a laugh of pleasure at the sight, and stirred up the precious baubles with her fan, to watch the gleam and lustre of their various hues. But curiosity to know more soon prevailed over that enjoy-

ment, and the gems were returned to their receptacle. Another package was filled entirely with pearls, whose large size and soft moonlight-lustre rendered them as valuable as their rival gems. The next case contained fine ornaments of Genoese workmanship; the next, curiously carved antique seals and rings. Here the chief interest of the women ended: all the remaining packages contained only matter-of-fact doubloons, or hieroglyphic bills, or bonds for debt.

The entire treasure was of immense value; but the excitement attendant on it had passed away, and Marina was once more pale, pensive, and abstracted. Her kinsman, Don Felipo, was summoned to take charge of her new-found wealth, which he regarded with as much astonishment as a Spaniard could permit himself to exhibit. Alvaro then took his leave, persuaded in his own mind that his friend had only to present himself, in order to obtain possession of the beautiful widow and her wealth.

Perhaps it was so. *Quien sabe*;—who knows? But, meanwhile, the favoured Scot, unconscious of the bright form that his destiny had assumed, was wandering far away among valleys and mountains unknown except to Indian eyes. We will not anticipate his future adventures there. After some weeks passed in exploring the Isthmus, Paterson returned to Carthagena, more confident than ever in the practicability of founding, on the Isthmus, a great emporium, with a rapid communication between the two great oceans.

Alvaro, too, dwelt with pleasure, and loved to dilate upon a scheme that suited well with his grasping and insatiable spirit of enterprise. Night after night, as the tropical stars shone down upon their terrace, did the two friends ponder over the mighty object of their ambition. Alvaro was quite willing to stake the whole of his vast and rapidly-accumulating wealth upon the noble venture. In another year he could realize all his present speculations ;

and concentrate millions, now widely dispersed, upon this one transcendant scheme. If it failed, (but it *could not* fail!) he felt that he had resources within his own broad forehead to open out a new career, and energy enough to begin the world again; —yea, and to conquer greater difficulties than he had already done.

With him, to decide and to act were simultaneous. He despatched letters and emissaries over the globe to wind up all his affairs, and to collect all his capital in London, as, even then, the safest depôt. His eager spirit chafed at the unavoidable delay; but he resolved, meanwhile, to make a voyage into Spain, where he would plead and bribe, flatter and excite the court, in order to obtain the permission and authority necessary to enable him to lay the first foundations of his plan. He began to dream of founding a new empire in the West, and thus gratify his still surviving spirit of revenge, and his ambition. At that time, so fallen and corrupt was Spain,

that half a million of money might have almost purchased the kingdom, much more a disputed and bravely-resisted claim to the dangerous and almost untrodden shores of Darien. There would have been danger to Alvaro in returning to a land where his life was forfeited to the relentless Inquisition, had he not changed his name to that by which we have lately known him. The ship he had sailed in was known to have been lost, with all on board, and who could recognize, in the far-famed merchant, Don Alvaro, of Carthagená, the obscure Moresco boy, Alvarez of the Mesquinez ?

In his sanguine dreams, the two great seaports were already built; the causeway connecting them with the Atlantic and Great South Sea was already cut, built up, and travelled upon. Time only intervened to prevent the imperial house of Alvaro on the one coast, and that of Pater-son on the other, from giving law, facility, and unbounded scope to the commerce of the world.

But time is pregnant with a thousand chances to make or mar the most triumphant or most fallen fortunes.

Alvaro sailed from Carthagena in a brave ship, manned and equipped in the most perfect manner known to those early times. Her skilful seamen, and elaborate preparation, seemed to bid defiance to the seas, and her powerful armament to all the buccaneering power on the Spanish Main; yet Alvaro was not fated to reach his destination. Nevertheless, on the day appointed, he set sail for Europe, full of his new hope.

After his friend's departure, Paterson found abundant occupation in the sole superintendence of their great House, and its manifold concerns. He also filled a high position in the mercantile community, and busied himself in a scheme, which, afterwards expanded in the more genial commercial atmosphere of London, was destined to immortalize his name.

Carthagena abounded in bullion, and

almost all other representatives of wealth, but its coin was far inadequate to the required circulation. Paterson represented to the merchants that it was only ignorance of its powers that prevented that torpid wealth from assuming an active and vivifying form. He said,—

“Your word, Don Sancho, is worth ten thousand ducats; yours, Don Felipo, is worth as much; but you cannot transfer its value to another. Now, if you could render it palpable; your credit would virtually add twenty thousand ducats to the wealth of the community. Why *not* render it palpable, visible, and available for all purposes of commerce?”

Such was the simple foundation of the great banking system which now overspreads the civilized world, with some inconveniences, but innumerable advantages. The leading merchants associated together, and gave their united credit to certain papers, stamped in a form agreed upon, and signed in their names by an

accredited agent. All their feasible property,—their fish yet uncaught at Newfoundland, their silk yet unwoven in India, their velvets at Genoa,—were all suddenly converted into moving and creative capital; circulating through every house in the flat-roofed streets of Carthagera, and rendering more easy the lot of its inhabitants. Paterson, for a matter now so familiar, suddenly acquired great reputation; he was looked up to as a great discoverer and a public benefactor.

Thus Paterson had attained to one of the greatest objects of his ambition; and his mind was occupied in the highest of all earthly pleasures, that of developing itself to the advantage of mankind. But the public life of a man, however engrossing it may be, leaves ample margin for the sense of enjoyment or privation in his retirement. He is far more keenly alive, perhaps, to the latter than the idler, upon whom recreation palls, or assumes the aspect of the weariest of labours,—that

which profits not. In his few intervals of solitude and leisure, the heart of Pater-son yearned for a home. The memory of Alice was still dear to him, dearer than the presence and the attractions of all others. Many a pale beauty of Carthage-*na* now sought to win his attention by every wile and witchery that wo-man's subtlety could invent. It was, indeed, whispered that he was not a Catholic; but then he was handsome, wealthy, and famous. The bigotry of Spain was considerably relaxed in her luxurious colonies, and heretic and hus-band were by no means incompatible. From all these vulgar waylayers of passion Marina stood proudly aloof. The Scot, on his return from his travels, had excused himself from her invitation to visit her and receive her thanks, and she haughtily abstained from making any further ad-vances. She "devoured her grief" in solitude, and it turned into anger. She devised schemes of vengeance against

the recusant Scot; and then, when she imagined them executed, remorse brought back her love with aggravation. The object of her affection, meanwhile, thought that he had effectually estranged himself from her and all her dangerous countrywomen. His sentiment was again undividedly fixed upon Alice, the uncertainty of whose fate now gave her a more romantic interest in his eyes. Wafer, according to his promise, had sent the letter to her on his arrival in England. By subsequent inquiries he had ascertained, and communicated to Paterson, that Tam was dead; and that his daughter, and her friend Isabel, accompanied by old Partan, had left Sandilee, and had not since been heard of.

When this intelligence reached Carthage, the news was already old; and Paterson could only feel that Alice was to him lost for ever. Nevertheless, instead of endeavouring to estrange himself from thoughts of her, he estranged himself still further from the world which might

have interfered with her ever-living memory. He was faithful even to her shade.

One evening, at a time when the well-known fever was raging in Carthagera, he was reposing after his day's labour in his unostentatious home. It stood apart from the city, on a lonely spot facing the narrow channel and the hill of San Lazaro. He was alone as usual, and the single servant who attended to his few wants had betaken himself to the town to learn the latest news of the fever's ravages. The fire-flies that fluttered in a brilliant maze under his verandah were the only signs of life within his monastic dwelling. As he lay there, gazing on the star-reflecting water, a dark figure glided between him and the faint light. It paused, as if hesitatingly, for a moment; and then, flinging off a large cloak, a woman discovered herself, and stepped hastily into the apartment. The Scot, more alarmed than if he had seen the

fiercest freebooter, started up; his visitor threw herself at his feet, and clasping his reluctant hand bathed it with passionate tears.

“Forgive me, forgive me!” cried the voice of Marina, in its softest tones. “I heard that you had not been seen since the fever grew so fatal. I knew that you did not fear it as our coward Spaniards do, and I thought you must be ill. I strove and strove to restrain my anxiety, but,—but, I should have died if I had not come to see you. And now I am overpowered at the same time by my joy and shame. Pardon me, gentle stranger, and do not add to my self-reproach by contempt, which I could not bear from you and live!”

It seemed impossible, even to the stoic Scot, to resist such an appeal. He thanked his visitor with grave ceremoniousness for her interest in him, and at the same time asked permission to escort her back to the city before her absence could create alarm. She rose slowly, and assented;

and they both walked back along the secluded path that led from Paterson's abode. Marina was the first to break the awkward silence. She suddenly stood still, and laid her hand on her companion's arm and pressed it.

"He *is* flesh and blood!" she exclaimed, as if in soliloquy and wonder; "he is flesh and blood, and yet he has no feeling! What have I not dared and done to obtain one kind word! Am I old, or cold, or repulsive? Even if I were, that heart which is so gentle and generous to all others might surely feel one throb for mine. Englishman! man of insult! heretic!—hear me for once say boldly, that I love you! I cast myself, my wealth, the devotion of my soul, at your feet. You offer coldly to attend me to my home. I tell you, I will rather fling myself from this precipice into yonder dark waters, less merciless than you!"

And so saying, as if stung to madness by rage and disappointment, she rushed

towards the edge of the beetling cliff. The Scot caught her in his powerful arms, and drew her back; she yielded unresistingly and fainted, or seemed to faint, upon his breast; bewildered, he carried her to a neighbouring rock and gently laid her down. He was about to run to the city for assistance, but she revived sufficiently to recall him.

“I am better now,” she said faintly; “do not leave me, or ——.” The Scot sat down beside her, and supported her drooping head upon his shoulder. He began to relent. He *was* flesh and blood, and he felt it so strongly, that his mere spirit and his spiritual love seemed to become separated from himself and retire afar off. She whom he had so long loved was not forgotten, even then; yet she seemed a mere abstraction, fading away dimly, but divinely, into the invisible world.

He took Marina’s cold hand in his, and it grew warm. She seemed restored to new life, and poured out an incoherently

eloquent declaration of all that she had long hoped and feared. She conjured him to break the mystery that surrounded him, and to tell her all that he had experienced, all that he had felt. It was an unwise request ; for he frankly began his confessions with details of his early youth. As he proceeded, old scenes, old associations, and high pure thoughts rose up before his memory : Alice, too, in all her budding loveliness, her innocent and ever trusting love. He dwelt upon that first charm of his life until the impetuous Marina grasped his hand convulsively ; and, looking up, he saw that her whole countenance was changed ; jealousy and anger were burning there, and rendered her surpassing beauty demoniacal in its lurid brightness : the moment before the seraphic vision of the pensive Alice had filled his mind. He let go the hand he held ; he would almost have shaken it off. Marina in a moment perceived her error, and said, gently and upbraidingly,—

“ Ah! you never *can* have loved; or you could not wound the ears of one whose very life hangs upon you, by such eloquent praises of another. I will ask you to tell me no more of your story now. But I will tell you mine, while the soft and sympathizing darkness gives me courage to speak of what none but you and *one* other shall ever know. I do not ask you to look at me now; but when I have passed over my deepest sorrow, look then down upon me gently if you can, and let your eyes tell me you forgive me!—

“ I was an orphan long, long ago. I was brought up by a too-indulgent brother of my poor mother's. He was proud of my beauty—for I *am* beautiful. He loved me, too, as if he held both my father and mother's love for me in his own heart. He gratified my wildest caprices. Every luxury that wealth could command was lavished on me. My life was too happy to have many incidents worth notice. In one awful hour all was changed; our city was

sacked by the Buccaneers. From our terrace roof I saw their leader mount the walls. Though the bullets whistled everywhere round me, I stood fascinated by the danger. By the unintermitting blaze of musketry I could see that daring leader distinctly, bursting through pikes and swords as if they had been garden boughs. My kinsman just then found me, and carried me to the door. There he took leave of me, as I before told you, and bade me hasten from the town. I was borne away by the crowd, whose shrieks and prayers filled the air. We impeded one another in our flight, and the terrible plunderers soon followed on our track. As they came nearer, I could hear their swords crashing into the brains of those nearest to me, and, overcome by terror, I fainted. When I came to myself, I was lying on a heap of rich shawls, close to the sea-shore. Two of the pirates, disabled I believe from moving by their wounds, lay on the ground near me. I could not understand their language, but

I soon discovered that I was their prisoner ; for they threatened to shoot me if I stirred. In about an hour, their leader whom I had seen before approached me. He was all black and red with smoke and blood ; but he addressed me so gently and courteously, that I could scarcely believe the voice was his. He apologized for my alarm, as if only some trifling accident had occurred ; and assured me of the most respectful treatment that he could command. He begged that I would accompany him towards the town ; but I could not move. He called to his two followers to carry me. One pointed to his broken leg ; the other tried to rise, but fell back fainting or dead with the effort. He then blew a bugle that hung at his neck, and soon three or four of his men came running towards him, almost as blood-stained and begrimed as he was. He said some words to them, and touched his pistol as he spoke. They lifted me up on the shawls, and a carpet which I then perceived was also under me.

They bore me hastily away to a house in the suburbs, and left me; one of them remaining at the door to keep guard. Some hours after, their captain came; he was now cleansed from every trace of battle, and magnificently dressed. He tried to soothe my alarm and despair; he declared to me his admiration, which he called his love. He asked me if I would be a rover's bride, and he would make me mistress of the seas. I recoiled from him in terror. I thought I could still smell the horrible odour of warm blood upon the hand that tried to imprison mine. He then changed his tone. He said that minutes were to him as days to others. He told me plainly the alternative, if I would not be his bride. Without waiting for my answer, he left the room,—and returned in a few minutes with a half-dead priest. I scarcely knew what followed. I heard sacred words feebly murmured, and I suppose that I was wed. I have then a faint recollection of distant shots, and

bugles sounding, and angry voices. My bridegroom gave me one embrace, and then rushed out. Soon afterwards the sounds of strife redoubled,—then again receded. I seized that moment to escape. I tried to take the priest with me, but his strength failed and he sunk. I fled to the woods, where I found some of my poor countrymen. We lived as we could, I scarcely know how, till the Buccaneers left the coast. We then returned to the smoking ruins of the town. I found the priest who had—married me—must I say it?—there. He addressed me as Donna Lorenzo!—(Why do you start? He is dead since then), and gave me a letter from the pirate captain, whom he lauded to the skies for his clemency and liberality. ‘Clemency!’ I repeated, with indignation, looking round on the ruins; ‘begone from me, unworthy padre, and tell your employer how I treat his letter and pretended rights.’ I threw the paper on the ground and stamped upon it. Now my long story is told. I know

what you will think of it,—what you will doubt in it; but it is, alas! too true.”

Poor Marina! her story had completely broken the brief spell that she had cast on him whom she sought to fascinate. Lorenzo!—Lawrence!—was a name that struck upon old memories. And the queenly Marina had been a pirate’s bride—perhaps only *hoped* that she was now a widow? It was enough for the Scot; his only thought was how to conclude the scene in which he had been so unexpectedly involved. But such crises have fortunately only two alternatives;—if they do not at once explode into something decisive, they soon lose their intensity. Marina was subdued by the excess of her own emotions, and began to think that enough had been done for one occasion. She felt as if a great advance was gained in the mutual confidence that had been given, and in short, she at length permitted herself to be ceremoniously escorted to her home.

CHAPTER XIII.

The first was darkly pale, with eyes
Deeper than are the midnight skies,
Yet lovely as the seraphim,
When pitying tears their splendour dim ;
Her voice was musical and low ;

* * * *

The second was a brighter maiden,
Her brow with curls of gold was laden ;
Upon her cheek there laid a blush
Warm as the sunset's tender flush ;
A merry glance like the smile of spring,
Which made each pulse a living thing.

SIR F. DOYLE.

THE most trying part of the celebrated temptation of St. Antony, probably, remained after the struggle appeared to be ended; as it is said, that during our army's advance in the Peninsula, hundreds of sentries deserted their posts, through fear

of the spirits of those whom they had conquered in the flesh. And thus, when the beautiful devil had vanished from the saint's eyes, no doubt he found his thoughts haunted by the beautiful, even though the diabolical had afterwards supervened.

At least, thus it was with our Scotch friend, who, though no saint by profession, had probably more claim to that appellation than St. Napoleon, and many other canonized personages in the very mixed company of the Roman calendar. The lonely house by the Bocca Chica seemed to grow more lonely still ; and each evening, as the hour of Marina's unexpected visit arrived, every shadow that crossed the wide windows made the poor Scot's heart beat quickly, in the hope (which he mistook for fear) that the substance of that shadow might ensue. In frequent mental exercises of avoiding her, her image became familiar with all the avenues of his imagination ; and while invisible, she appeared not unlikely to prevail in what her presence

failed in accomplishing. And yet he was not in love with the beautiful Spaniard, and the sense of apprehension which accompanied his thoughts of her proved it; for love has no personal or mental reservations, though, in relation to its object, it is said to partake of such emotions: but as we have two lives, the mortal and the immortal life: so we have two sorts of affections, one corporeal and the other spiritual; it is the mistaking the one for the other, that leads to so many scrapes and false positions in the world. But Marina was possessed by both these feelings, so far as the impetuous nature of the one allowed the other to exist. She had held all such passions at bay until now; and they carried her heart by no gentle capitulation, but by storm. It appeared to her as if she was under a spell. Wealthy, witty, beautiful, and proud, how had her haughty heart succumbed to a poor unpretending adventurer, the only man who had never sought her smiles?

The blind god only knows !—he is bringing about such paradoxes every day.

The morning after her interview with the Scot, Marina awoke from troubled dreams and found no calm. The air had never seemed so sultry ; her almost gauze-like covering felt heavy on her limbs ; the magnificence round her appeared importunate ; the glitter of gold and glass, the faint scent of distant flowers, the very sparkle of the fountain oppressed her. She rose, and tried to walk with naked feet across the porcelain floor, but an icy sensation shot through all her frame, and seemed to settle on her heart. She fell back upon her couch ; she felt that the pestilence had seized her.

Thousands were sick and dying everywhere ; in palaces and garrets, and on the bed of Lazarus—the stony street. But she had felt so confident in the consciousness of power, and youth, and strength, that she never contemplated being subjected to such a vulgar calamity. Suddenly

the world grew dark around her; shapes of horror, instead of her beautiful slaves, seemed to move about her, holding up shrouds instead of costly robes for her to choose from. At the door, where her palanquin was used to wait, there was a ghastly bier, which seemed to be swung backwards and forwards by its bearers, as if in mockery of her luxurious hammock: and beyond, at the end of her favourite walk, the harbour had sunk down into an ominous pit, deep and narrow, but wide enough for her.

Then, what to her was the world, wealth, wit, beauty, conquest,—love itself? She was, in truth, in a delirious dream, but it seemed to her as if she then awoke to the only reality she had ever known. She tried to call on Tinwald, but her words had no sound. She saw him, she thought, standing coldly and aloof from her, but he appeared, on that account, to be the more able to save her, if he only *would*. And thus, in pain of body and

horror of mind, the poor lady lay for many days, unconscious of any world beyond that which her wandering fancy supplied to her despair. Priests, and friends, and physicians, and slaves came and went without her knowledge; she had only eyes for the impalpable and dreary forms that haunted her imagination.

And so we must leave her, and turn back to the little village by the Solway, which we left mourning for the old laird of Tinwald long ago.

Sandilee remained for a long time without change. In a small community, the chances that keep a city in a perpetual state of transition and unconscious excitement are very few; and, consequently, when, in a pause of busy life, we return to a quiet country neighbourhood, it generally seems to have stood still, with an Egyptian sort of immobility, while the rest of the world has gone whirling on. How pure and simple seem the kind hearts we rejoin there; how serene their lives;

what repose in the "happy valley" they inhabit!

Looking back thus to Sandilee, we find Alice almost as we left her,—

"Still is she all that she was when a child,
Only more lovely, only less wild."

A more pensive shade has stolen over her bright countenance; or rather, of the joy and thoughtfulness that used to chase each other there, the latter has begun to prevail. She is now a frequent guest with the old laird (for we have gone back five years); he loves to talk of his lost son, and she loves to listen. At last she has told him, what he never knew before, that it was not for her, but for his father, that he gave up his project of travelling. And the old man wonders why he had ever refused him Alice, and Alice wonders how any madness could have rendered her unfaithful, even for an hour—that fatal hour, in which her heart's hope was broken. If we could all bring ourselves to be as considerate and

fond to those who are always with us, as to those who are far away, the latter would be few in number.

At length Alice was summoned away to see the dying kinswoman, whose guest she had been so long. As often happens, death, long delayed, seemed to make up for arrears, and performed all his dark work at once. It was during this absence that the old laird sickened and died, and his son came and departed. Soon afterwards, Alice returned to her father's house,—but no longer alone; for Partan again had taken two mules to Annan, and cousin Isobel rode the second. She is now an orphan and homeless, and Alice proudly and affectionately plays the hostess. Not long, however, for Isobel is soon as much at home in the Peel-house as her cousin; and old Tam, somewhat softened by age, regards her as another daughter. Partan is now part of the household; he seems to have taken a new lease of life from his sick-bed, and he more seldom yields to his old

enemy. He and Tam still often talk of the Deadman's Isle,—and the latter still hopes, some day or other, to receive its buried treasure; Partan believes that Lawrence either had found it gone, or perished in some of the many accidents attendant on his wild career. But time moves on, and Tam seldom leaves his “ingle neuk,” except at intervals of months, when he contrives to hobble out to his garden, *as if* to enjoy the prospect of the sea once more. At length his last departure is taken, and he lies low in Caerlaverock churchyard. Few outside of his own house missed him much; but everyone sympathized with the two young orphans, especially when it was reported that they were left unprovided for. Except the Peel-house, and a few hundred acres of unproductive land, Tam, after all his savings, had left no property. All the village marvelled at this; some quoted ill-natured proverbs about ill-gotten wealth; others remarked that certain people appeared to have the art of absolutely anni-

hilating money,—an art in which most of our grandfathers must have been well skilled. Almost all believed in their hearts that the devil had run away with Tam's assets. What else *could* have become of the savings of thirty years? Who else could have disposed of the price of the Tinwald property (most of which went to Tam as mortgagee), without leaving a trace of it behind?

Partan appeared to be as much puzzled as any of the neighbours as to this enigma, but he was not equally solicitous about the orphans. He had, in fact, a considerable store of gold of his own, though he had lived in the same self-denying manner as the poor fishermen of the village. He had, in fact, no pleasant associations connected with the earning of his wealth; and, by way of penance, he had always denied himself the use of it, except for the merest necessities of life. He now proudly felt that he could befriend Alice, whom he loved as if she were his own daughter, though he treated her with as much respect as if she

were a queen, and more so than ever now. The girls were the only inhabitants of the village who were not aware of their poverty ; and as they knew nothing of business, and were too busied with their grief to think of it, Partan was in hopes they would never know, during his lifetime, that they were his debtors.

One evening, as he was sitting in his accustomed chimney-corner, opposite to the vacant chair of his old friend, he mused upon these things ; and once more, for the thousandth time, he cast his eyes round the room in search of some cranny in which Tam might have concealed his wealth. He looked in vain, and at last stretched out his hand and took up his old friend's mull, to revive his brain with a pinch of snuff. He observed with a melancholy smile, for it recalled certain peculiarities of Tam to his mind, that it was false in its construction, and contained a very small quantity of snuff in very large dimensions. It was not an uncommon trick in those times to have

three parts of the mull so arranged as to contain the coin that might have been unsafe in a more evident receptacle. Partan, on opening this concealed part, however, was disappointed to find only a dirty piece of paper. It proved, on further examination, to be Tam's will; and ran thus: "I give and bequeath to young Tinwald, of the Manor-house (being the only honest man I ever knew), *what he knows*, and that in trust for my lassie." This simple document had evidently been written several years before, though it bore no date. It proved, as every one suspected, that Tam had left money somewhere; but *where* now seemed as uncertain as ever. No news had been heard of the young laird since he wrote two years before, by a trader from Cadiz to Bourdeaux, requesting Partan to write to him, or to get some one to do so, at the former port. Partan's letter, composed with great labour by the joint skill of the village, had probably never reached its destination.

The only use, therefore, of the will, was to enable Partan to hint that it had empowered him, by private knowledge, to render part of Tam's property available ; and the old Peel-house looked as well as ever, while the cheer to be found there was considerably improved. Partan himself began to exhibit a change for the better. He considered himself as undoubted guardian to the orphan cousins ; and while he deferred to them in a manner more respectful than ever, he displayed an increasing appearance of self-respect that surprised the simple villagers into suspicions of his sanity. He was no longer seen sitting listlessly by the sea-shore, or half drunk in the chimney-corner. He had found an object ; he felt himself of use, and he became a changed man. He attended fairs and markets ; he reclaimed and stocked Tam's unprofitable acres ; he shook his head at whisky, and declared that water was a " far mair improvin' drink." But still his former gloom would return whenever he was unemployed ;

and as he no longer fought it off by strong potations, no doubt it was harder to bear. But no victory was ever won without a struggle; and in the humble field of battle of the old sailor's heart, many a gallant deed was performed, known only to his guardian angel.

News! news!—news came one day that there was a letter for Partan, in somebody's hands at Dumfries; it had been lying there for many a day, and been much talked about. A letter in those days was a more important incident than the appearance of many a new book is now. Of course, it would not be entrusted to any hands but those of him to whom it was dedicated. It proved to be one of those which Tinwald had written from Carthagera, on hearing of the death of Lawrence; the other, addressed to Alice, had been either lost or had strayed to some town, where it may be lying to this day.

Alice and Isobel were sitting in the old Castle of Caerlaverock, — whose eastern

window was still a favourite resort of Tam's daughter.

"Bella," said Alice, "I fear that this lonely and unoccupied life of ours is beginning to pall upon your busy and romantic fancy. You are growing listless and dispirited, and your bonnie cheek has lost its bloom."

"Nay," replied her cousin, "but you might be speaking of yourself, Alice; for you are grown mair pale than I like to see, even considering all the trouble that is weighing on your little heart. Why should you stay in this sad, sad place; where all we care for lies beneath the turf, and all the haunts that you used to love ache with a sense of vacancy. Lonely creatures are we not, why should we stay in the place of all others that seems to us most lonely?"

"Where should we turn to, unprotected as we are?" rejoined Alice, to whom the thought was not new, though unexpressed. "Once out of our little fold, all the world appears to be a wilderness."

“Nay, not unprotected, Alice. Haven’t we that dear, honest old mastiff, Master Partan, to growl away any wolfish assailants; and who would have the heart to assail poor little us? Dear Alice, now we have broken the ice, let us go;—let us go to France, where we have still some kin that may have gentler hearts than those in the Forestshire,* who look down on us sae unkindly.”

“Well, lassie, we must think of it, and consult old Partan. See, here he comes! with his letter in his hand. Can it concern us?”

Partan had hurried at his best pace to find his young mistress, as he called her; but now he would fain have some leisure to reflect on the best method of breaking

* This is the old name for the beautiful and otherwise interesting country west of Tweed and Ettrick. It comprised the Gala-house, Torwoodlee, and, I believe, the Ashestiel and Philiphaugh estates; extending to the old ruin of Longshaw, James the Fourth’s hunting-seat, and the memorable Peel-tower that bears the name of Glendearg, in the “Monastery.” Peace be upon its hills and homes, and all that they contain! (except the grouse in due season).

his intelligence to her. He believed, indeed, that she had never cared for the Buccaneer; but still he knew that some sort of troth had passed between them, and it was an awkward business to explain at once that the man was dead. So he tried to throw into his rugged face an expression of sympathy; and he presented the letter to Alice, recommending her to read it "by hirsel", whiles he had a crack wi' Mistress 'Is'bel about some ither matters." Alice sat down tremblingly to open the letter, and Partan and her cousin walked back toward the village. The letter ran thus :

“ TO SANDY PARTAN,

“ Mariner, Sandilee, near Dumfries.

“ MY GOOD FRIEND,—News came to me that you have recovered your health, for which I am very thankful; the more so because you can be of use to Mistress Alice, the death of whose father must leave her much in want of a true friend. This, I know you to be; and a trusty one, with

the only exception that we have talked so much about. I have written to Mistress Alice by the same ship that takes this letter, offering to her my poor services, if I can in anywise be useful to her. You will have heard that the privateer captain is dead among the Indians. I wish you to write to me as soon as convenient, and to send the letter to Master Law's house (the jeweller), in Edinbro'. He will pay the bearer, and furnish him with the moneys mentioned in the enclosed bill,—one half of which you will pay to Janet Shillinglaw, at the Manor-house; and the other half you will distribute among the poor people at Sandilee. Do not forget Madden Ray's old mother, at the Lochar Mouth. And be very particular to tell all you can about Mistress Alice. I am settled in a large mercantile house at Carthagera, in New Spain; where probably you have been. Commending you to the best care—that on high—I remain your true Friend,

“WILLIAM PATERSON.”

This letter was read and re-read by Alice with a variety of contending emotions. It was in Willie's own handwriting, — they were his own very words; that they were visible, instead of being uttered, only rendered them more precious, for they would not pass away. But that letter to herself, how cruel it seemed that she was to be deprived of it! Her whole destiny might be—must have been—written there! Then came thoughts of the brave and brilliant stranger, who never until that moment had interested her: but the gallant dead are always sure of a requiem in generous hearts; and Willie himself could not have grudged the tears that she gave to his memory,—the libation of purity on the grave of crime. How it contrasted with the joy of Marina on hearing the same intelligence.

“It's my 'pinion, Mistress Is'bel,” observed Partan, as he stumped along the beach, after imparting to her the purport of the letter; “now we've fand out where

young Tinwald is, that we ought to send till him ; thae bit letters tak' a lang time to get about, if ever they get there ; and how they ever reach across the airth at a' passes my comprehension. Now, ye ken, leddie, there's a ship sent once a year by what they ca' the African Company, wi' the king o' Spain's license, to the Spanish Main. She sails frae Bristo' at the back end o' next month ; and wi' any good luck, she suld won ower in eight weeks. Now, ane word o' Tinwald's wad put Mistress Alice in puzession o' a' her father's siller ; and if anything war to happin to the young laird, it's a' as gude as lost for iver—owin' to that auld carle's perversity."

A bright thought struck Isobel. She well knew what was in her cousin's heart.

" Why should we not go ourselves ? " she demanded.

" Hech ! Sirs ! It's no to be thought on. Ye little ken, leddie, what it is to crass the says, and what a sair land it is ayont 'em. No but it's pretty to look on ; wi' its

heavens o' blue, and its gran' fragrant forests, and bonnie birds, and clear waters. But it's what auld Tam wad hae call'd a painted sapulker, fair 'ithout, but 'ithin fu' o' corruption. What wi' favers, and buccaneers, and serpints, and Spaniards, and ither reptiles, it's nae place for Christian man; muckle mair, young leddies. For mysel', I'm sworn, on my destruction, never to cross the says agin; but that vallys little, for now I hae dune a sma'—vera sma' bit o' gude, and I culd die pleasant. But for ye, leddie; dinna spak' on't! ye culd na gang ower says. But I sal no see Mistress Alice the e'en; and ye wull just tell her what I've bin sayin' about sendin' to Tinwald in the Bristo' ship."

Before Alice rejoined her cousin, she had made a discovery, which not a little influenced her after-determination. The letter, she observed, was dated a year ago. She had hoped that hers might have been only delayed, but it was now evidently lost. It appeared that the John Law, to whom it

had been enclosed, was abroad in Italy, and hence the delay. Isobel met her, with Partan's suggestion and her own; and she saw with pleasure that Alice's eyes brightened at the thought. Poor eyes!—it was long since they had so shone before.

“Why, indeed, should we not go?” she exclaimed. “Tinwald is my surest friend, and will best advise us as to our future lives,—to say nothing of our very means of existence, which seem to depend upon his information. And America cannot be so *very* much farther than France; and we both love the sea. And old Janet will gang with us, and Partan; and we will take such care of him, that he shall see his oath was only against crossing the seas for evil purposes, not when he goes to befriend the orphan and her cause.”

Partan was thunderstruck when he heard this determination: but what can a man's argument avail against two female wills? On learning the date of the letter, the matter appeared to him of the greater

urgency; and then the fear of appearing to yield to his own presentiment, urged him also to consent. The little conclave sat upon the matter; and after such deliberation as such heads could achieve, they decided to repair to Bristol, and to inform no person at Sandilee of their destination.

They were scarcely gone, when Wafer, urged by Tinwald's letters, sent to inquire for them, and returned to Carthagenia the vague answer that we have seen in a former chapter.

At this time, by express treaty with the king of Spain, one ship was permitted, as Partan said, to trade from Bristol to Portobello, in New Spain, each year; and that privilege, like most monopolies, was very much abused. Having embarked our fair cousins on board this vessel, we leave them to pursue their bold enterprise, and return to Alvaro.

CHAPTER XIV.

The winds and the waves of ocean, .
They rested quietly ;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
There was danger on the sea.

UHLAND.

ALVARO put to sea with a stout ship and a hundred chosen seamen. Although magnificent in liberality, and all outward appearances becoming his station, he was almost as simple in his private habits as his Scotch friend. His sole personal attendant was a faithful slave, named Ghorka, whom he had purchased at Jamaica, and

who was now attached to him with almost canine devotedness.

The Buonaventura sailed prosperously away, pleasant breezes speeding her along that delightful sea; islands of brilliant beauty now and then appearing and vanishing, as they were approached and left behind in the rapid voyage. Flying-fish fluttered over them; dolphins, of good omen, played around their bows. Everything promised well, and contrasted strongly with the manner in which Alvaro had last sailed along those waters.

One morning, as the ship was approaching the Mona-passage, between Porto Rico and St. Domingo, the sound of guns was heard. As yet a heavy mist obscured the distant view, but the heavy ominous echoes of artillery continued to boom along the sea; and at length, as the breeze rose and the fog disappeared, two vessels were descried only a mile to leeward. A large ship, with rent sails and disordered rigging, was yawing about, apparently unmanage-

able ; whilst another ship, with a low dark hull, was almost alongside of her, and pouring in a constant stream of fire both from guns and small arms. Suddenly the firing ceased, and, though the wind was adverse, shrieks could be heard, and the flashing steel that caused them gleamed along the deck.

Instantly, Alvaro changed his course, and steered for the scene of action ; every rag of canvas was crowded on the masts that bent to the favouring breeze ; and by the time the Buonaventura was cleared for action, she was alongside the disabled vessel. So intent were the Buccaneers (for such they were) upon their prize, that they never perceived the approach of Alvaro, until too late to extricate their crew from the captured vessel. They tried to work the guns of the prize, however, and prepared for a fresh contest with characteristic daring and rapidity.

The battle was brief, and desperate ; the captain of the buccaneers fell, shot through

the legs ; his crew were forced overboard, or lay bleeding upon the deck of their half-conquered prize ; their own ship, with the few hands remaining on board of her, made all sail to escape, and Alvaro was left in undisputed possession of the stranger.

But she had suffered fearfully ; scarcely a dozen of her seamen were left alive, and they were, for the most part, wounded. The hatches had been battened down, however ; and most of the passengers remained below, as yet uninjured. The sound of women's voices in prayer and lamentation now rose at intervals, through the loud orders and shouts of the seamen, as they strove to put the ship in order, and the groans or curses of the wounded, as they were examined by the surgeon on the deck. The non-fighting men below believed that they were still in the power of the dreaded buccaneers, and, in the vague instinct of escape, had hidden themselves in the hold ; while the poor women were huddled together in the captain's cabin,

the windows of which were nearest to the sea, and offered them a last refuge from violence.

Alvaro hastened below, to dispel their fears. He called gently to those within the cabin to open the door; but the terrified women were only driven to desperation, and endeavoured to throw themselves into the sea. He burst the door, therefore, and beheld a group of three or four Spanish women, vainly struggling to make a way through the cabin windows; their dishevelled garments and half-naked forms showing how rudely they had been roused from their sleep. Besides them, were two fair girls—exquisitely fair they seemed—not struggling and ungarmented like the others, but decently clothed and kneeling together, with hands clasped in prayer.

The first soft respectful tones of Alvaro's voice seemed to reassure even the Spaniards, and broke their spell of terror. Their companions rose calmly and self-

possessed from their knees, as if they had expected succour, even when it seemed beyond human possibility. The Spaniards fell at Alvaro's feet, and with loud and vehement demonstrations called him their deliverer. The others, still holding each other by the hand, stood apart, and, with more reserve, expressed their gratitude in English. Some sudden emotion seemed to shake the usually calm and self-possessed Moresco, and he broke away from the cabin almost abruptly—assuring the women that their safety and comfort should be his first care. He then walked forward on the deck, to hear the surgeon's report of the wounded.

Only one of the buccaneers, their captain, seemed likely to survive; a sabre cut upon his brow, besides a gun-shot wound in his legs, rendered even his existence doubtful. His countenance was scarcely visible, owing to wounds and blood;—but his appearance, and his white skin, bespoke him of some condition. He replied scorn

fully, in good Spanish, to the surgeon's questions, and only asked to be allowed to die in peace. Alvaro, however, (who still felt that the buccaneers had some claim, however qualified, of brotherhood upon him,) ordered the wounded man to be well cared for, and promised him security. On hearing these orders, the maimed wretch turned, or rather writhed himself slowly round, glared for a moment with his dim bloodshot eye upon his conqueror, and then, with an effort that seemed superhuman, threw himself overboard. The Spaniards looked coolly after him, thinking he was well disposed of; but Alvaro plunged into the sea after him, seized him with a firm grasp, — though the buccaneer strove hard to drown his rescuer and himself together, — and soon was hoisted on deck, bearing his unwilling companion in his arms. He then committed him once more to the surgeon's care, and ordered the ship to be examined and refitted as soon as possible, in order that she might proceed on her destined

course, to Carthagena, whilst he resumed his own towards Europe.

By this time all the passengers of the rescued ship, except one English sailor, who lay dangerously sick below, had assembled upon deck. Alvaro recognised in one of them an old acquaintance, a merchant of some consideration in Carthagena. From him he learned that the galleon had had a prosperous voyage from Old Spain until that morning; when, just as day was dawning, they perceived the buccaneers bearing down upon them. Knowing that they were to expect no quarter, they had determined to fight to the last. Their captain had been killed early in the action; many of the seamen had also fallen, and the ship had been all but lost when so unexpectedly relieved by Alvaro. He added, that besides the ladies (one of whom was his wife), and the merchants', there was an ecclesiastic of Seville and a Spanish officer of high rank on board. Both these last were supposed to be charged with some

important commission from the Spanish government. The ecclesiastic now came forward to tender his acknowledgement; and Alvaro beheld to his horror a Dominican friar, whom he had seen heading the awful procession of the *Auto-da-fé* six years before. He had seen him but for a moment, yet his aspect had haunted him ever since, and was now as familiar to his imagination as if it had been only yesterday: he beheld in him, as it were, an incarnation of the whole infernal power of the Inquisition. The Moresco mastered his emotion, however, and accepted, though coldly, the acknowledgements of the man whom on earth he held in greatest horror. But he had pledged his word for his safety, and had it been the devil himself who stood before him, he would have protected him.

As the king's officer came forward in his turn, his speech was interrupted by the cry of "fuego!" from the forecastle; a thick volume of smoke, at the same time, gushing up from the hold, diffused

a sulphurous stench. The ship had been set on fire by one of the quenchless fire-balls that the buccaneers were accustomed to make use of in extremity. It had fallen among bales of silk, which, for some time, smothered the fierceness of the flame; but it had the more extensively and subtly done its work, and the fire was proportionately destructive. The boats were immediately lowered, and those on board had barely time to put off when the galleon was in flames from stem to stern. Even the wounded buccaneer and the sick English sailor had been saved. The boats rowed fast towards Alvaro's ship, and almost immediately after they had reached her, the galleon blew up, and no trace was left of the gallant ship but a few seething planks, and some bubbles on the calm water in which she had gone down.

Alvaro now felt compelled to return to Carthagena, from whence he was only two days' sail. He accommodated his

guests, as well as he was able, in his own ship, and ordered her head to be cast towards the port she had so lately sailed from.

CHAPTER XV.

O thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars !

MARLOW'S *Faust*.

BEFORE the new passengers on board of Alvaro's ship were settled in their berths, the sky had become dark with masses of vague, billowy clouds, here and there torn asunder, and giving glimpses of thin white vapours hurrying rapidly along the bright blue sky above. Below, all was as yet profoundly, solemnly still ; but the sea, with an instinct of the coming storm, became disturbed and strangely agitated, changing colour, and tossing up

apparently a causeless spray. Faint white flashes of lightning gleamed along the horizon towards the north-west, and every sign of sea and sky preluded the approach of a tornado. The ship was immediately set in order to meet the new enemy; her lofty spars were lowered upon deck and made fast; every flowing sail, lately spread to the mild favouring breezes, was secured, and two storm staysails were alone set. The ship thus lay motionless upon the swelling sea, stripped almost to bare poles; yet not a breath of air was stirring. Suddenly, a wild, whirring, tumultuous noise was heard, as the invisible assailant came rushing over the waters, which changed into one wide sheet of foam beneath its wings. It fell upon the ship like an avalanche, and almost buried her beneath the stroke, until, as if alarmed, she sprang into motion, upraised herself by a violent effort from the waters, and rushed away over the waves, while the storm followed fiercely in pursuit.

To those who have witnessed the tornado in its wrath, all description must seem tame. Others cannot even picture to themselves the terrible change that instantaneously comes over nature when suffering from its assault. The clouds seem precipitated on the waters, the waters upheaved into the clouds; ominous darkness falling on the dire confusion, or only broken by strange, unnatural glares and flashings, whether from above or from below we cannot tell. It seems as if nothing created could resist it, or retain shape amid the distracted chaos, much less that a frail bark could survive such shocks. But the stout human heart, with only that fragile barrier between life and death, can boldly meet the exigency, nerve the firm hand, and inspire the subtle brain to do battle with the spirit of the storm.

For hours of darkness, then and on the succeeding day and night again, Alvaro's ship flew on uninjured before her elemental pursuers. Sometimes in a mo-

mentary relaxation of their power, she seemed to "turn to bay;" coming up to the wind and lying-to as if to rest herself. But when the storm resumed its chase with renewed vigour, she was once more fain to flee. The low bows and lofty poops of the navies of that period were better adapted for scudding before the wind than for bearing up against it; hence the numerous mischances which befel navigators of old, driving them far from their intended courses, and not seldom, as in Robert Macham's case, rendering them involuntary discoverers of new lands.*

It is a mistake to suppose that time passes slowly during intense watchfulness and occupation; on the contrary, it then outstrips calculation. For two days and nights the crew were mustered at their posts, only snatching sleep at such intervals and under such circumstances as would seem incredible to those who associate

* See Washington Irving's interesting account of the discovery of the island of Madeira.

the idea of repose with downy pillows. During all that time, there was scarcely any communication between those above and below the deck, except when a morsel of food or gulp of water was handed up to the mariners. They lost all reckoning; they could only guess that they were driving towards the Caribbee Islands; and if they struck upon one of them during the night, the fate of such as might survive the sea appeared more horrible than that of the drowned. At length, as the third day was dawning, a shout of "land!" broke from every mouth, and many a pale face appeared from below, conjured up by the joyful sound.

The ship flew on, skirting the southern promontory of a mountainous island; then the helm was put down, and the storm-tossed vessel bounded into smooth water. Delightful was the transition from the howling wilderness of waters into the secure and quiet cove; hills, gradually towering up in the distance into mountains,

surrounded a curved and silver-sanded shore. The island smiled with the freshest verdure; a river of bright water was seen gleaming through groves of palmetto and cocoa-trees; rocky precipices, seamed with verdant chasms, in which flowers and fruits abounded, were soon discovered. It seemed a perfect paradise to the weary pilgrims of the deep.

The anchor plunged down, and bit deeply into the weed-tufted sands distinctly visible far below; the ship swung slowly round; and like men awakening from a frightful dream, the haggard crew gazed on the calm scene round them with wonder, and almost held their breaths with pleased awe. The passengers and people from below soon hastened upon deck to breathe the genial fragrant air, which by fitful eddies rolled in from the storm that still raged beyond the barriers of the mountain-island.

The poor Spanish women looked absolutely squalid after their long and terrified

imprisonment in a dark cabin. The Spanish officer appeared to little more advantage; but the friar was one whose aspect or dress scarcely allowed of a change. The English women were the last to appear, and when they did so, there was little to denote that they suffered. Pale they were, but the elder lady was always pale, and the cheek of the younger soon flushed into a rosy tint, as delight sent her warm blood dancing through her veins. Alvaro gazed upon her with surprise and admiration. Until now he had only known the dark-eyed women of Spain, or the more languid beauties of his adopted land. He had been accustomed to consider them, however otherwise attractive, only as appendages to the lords of creation, — dangerously fascinating, indeed, but merely animal. He now beheld a countenance beaming with thought and bright with purity; fair ringlets flowed with natural grace over a snow-white forehead, and the blue eyes that shone beneath, appeared to the admiring Moor

as something seraphic, yet sweetly human too.

Her companion was several years older, and care had faded, or rather shadowed her beauty. The tones of her voice were sad; and even as she looked with delight upon the lovely island which afforded so unexpected an asylum, the deep pensiveness of her aspect remained unaltered. Alvaro approached her with profound respect, offering his congratulations in such English as he could command, regretting, for her sake, the casualty that had prolonged their voyage. Whilst he was speaking, the captain of the ship hastily approached Alvaro, and pointed out a swarm of canoes coming round the neighbouring point.

“They come as enemies, sir,” said the old sailor; “nothing else was ever found among these islands, and this surely is one of the Caribbees, and the savages hereabouts are all fierce and warlike-men, fighting to the death, and devouring those whom they make prisoners.”

Once more the unhappy passengers were obliged to seek safety under deck, while preparations were made to receive the unexpected assailants.

Multifarious, indeed, were the dangers that beset the mariners of those early times, and guarded the rich regions of the West. Tornadoes, buccaneers, coral reefs, and lastly, savages, who waged war, and cherished but too well-founded a hatred against every white man. Hence, every preparation for offence and defence was necessary in the merchant-vessels of those seas. These were now promptly renewed, and every seaman was ready at his gun before their daring enemies approached. Alvarez was desirous, for every reason, not to be forced into an inglorious contest, and watched the appearance of the Caribs with anxious interest. They ceased paddling, and formed in one long line abreast when they were within musket-shot. To the surprise of all on board, three or four of the canoes were filled with black men, who

presented, with their coarse, crisp heads, as strong a contrast to their red companions as to the whites. Ghorka at once recognized his countrymen, and after exchanging a few words with Alvaro, leaped overboard, and fearlessly swam out to meet them. He was observed to enter one of the canoes, which almost immediately started out from amongst its comrades, and pulled towards the ship. Ghorka sat in the stern in great triumph, and soon announced to his master that the islanders were his friends, and ready to afford him all the civilities in their power.* Ghorka's companions were immediately invited on board, treated with kindness, and dispatched to their companions with gifts very precious in their sight. Thenceforth the natives not only desisted

* Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a slaver from Guinea was wrecked upon the island of St. Vincent, one of the windward group: the whites were all slain and devoured, but the negroes were honourably treated, received into the Carib community, and obtained settlements among them. In the course of time, the negroes obtained the ascendant and confined their former hosts to one corner of their beautiful island.

from all hostilities, but supplied the ship with the delicious wild fruits that abounded in the island, speared turtle for them, presented them with quantities of the excellent and difficult cat-fish * of the seas, and the fine mullet that abounds in the rivers.

Not only while the storm lasted, but some days afterwards, while the sailors were repairing the damages caused by the late storm, Alvaro and his passengers passed most of their time ashore. The former was never weary of exploring the strangely beautiful features of the island.

Huts had been erected on a neighbouring hill, for the sick and wounded; but, at the request of the English women, their poor friend and follower was accommodated with a tent to himself. There, in almost affectionate attendance upon him, these ladies

* This fish is furnished with long sharp spines that seem poisonous: he is besides so daring and ferocious as to attack men while swimming, and is greatly feared by the pearl-divers, who consider the wounds received from his spines as fatal; he is excellent and nutritious food, however.

passed most of their time. Their patient was a rugged-looking, storm-beaten old man, who had unaccountably sickened soon after leaving the Azores, where they had transhipped themselves from an English vessel bound for the slave-coast of Africa. He seemed to suffer only from debility and nervous prostration, and rallied, with apparently great effort, whenever he was spoken to by either of his countrywomen. The ship's surgeon, therefore, after the first day or two, desired that they should but seldom visit him; and so they were left free to wander about that lovely island while they remained there. And, in truth, Alvaro was in no hurry to be gone from thence. The society of his English guests became daily more agreeable—more necessary to him; and his was not a nature to be reserved or guarded in any enjoyment on which he once entered. He so rarely allowed himself an indulgence, that pleasure had the more power over his impetuous soul, if once he yielded to its influence. He now

seemed spell-bound by the society in which he first found any true communion of spirit. An aspiration of his long lonely heart was fulfilled; a new sphere of thought, feeling, and imagination, was laid open to him. His feelings towards his young companion were of that chivalrous and almost adoring kind that we read of in very old romances, and sometimes witness in very young men.

Alvaro's demeanour was probably somewhat unintelligible to those whom he delighted to honour. They did not understand the chivalrous esteem in which he held them; nor could they calculate on the advantage which they held in his eyes, by contrast with his own uncultivated countrywomen. They saw in him a man of great wealth and power, and, as it seemed to them, of superhuman knowledge. With all these gifts, and youth, and noble features and form, to enhance them; they saw him, the arbiter of their destiny, apparently their slave. He deferred to their slightest wishes; he addressed them with timid respect; whilst

he was haughty and distant to every one else. This very mystery lent, perhaps, an additional charm to the society of the fair strangers. Their hesitating manner and inquiring looks had a certain charm for him, as well as their natural dignity and reserve.

On one point, however, the English ladies were very explicit: they detested the Dominican friar, who, in addition to other importunities, had endeavoured to convert them; and that in a dogmatic and intrusive manner that was unfavourable to his success. He had watched their every movement. By night, upon the deck, at whatever hour they ascended to breathe the air, he was before them, and met them with his soft manner and feline eyes. By day, and in storm and in calm, he tried never to lose sight of them; until at length they began to feel like the victims of the rattlesnake, fascinated by a power at which they shuddered. The elder of the Englishwomen made this confession to Alvaro, one even-

ing, as they returned from a long excursion on the shore :

“ And there !” she exclaimed ; “ there he is again, with a new disciple !”

There, indeed, at the foot of a tall tree, sat the friar, with Ghorka by his side : the former apparently exhorting the negro in his most persuasive manner ; while the latter listened with what was meant for a stolid look ; but his quick, keen eyes betrayed his uneasiness and keen watchfulness of his companion.

That night the ship left her anchorage, and sailed for Carthagen. The elder of the English ladies appeared glad to be once more upon her way ; her sister frankly lamented leaving the beautiful island, where they had found such a safe asylum, and such a dangerous enjoyment. Alvaro was too full of happiness to think of sorrow, past or present. He reclined upon the deck, by the fair young stranger’s side, while the stars poured down their golden shower of rays, that seemed to plash in the purple

waves: the sky above him, and the sea beneath, the present and the future world which they symbolized, and the radiant face upturned to his,—all appeared blended in one glorious scheme of happiness. Storm or calm, land or sea, Europe or America—were all indifferent to him. The cup of happiness sparkled at his lip, and he drained it rapturously and recklessly.

At length the companions of his charmed vigil retired to rest, and he once more lay down where they had been, to ruminate the bygone hours, and in imagination to taste them once again. The night was still calm, the waves plashed, the sails undulated softly in the breeze, and the various lulling noises of a ship in gentle motion fell unnoticed on his ear. But not so, a low stealthy sound approaching him through the shadow of the bulwarks: within the little world of ship-board every stir is noticeable whatever be the weather without. Alvaro was turning round, when a well-known voice whispered softly, “Hush!”

It was Ghorka, who, with his dusky form still concealed in shadow, stole close to his master's ear.

"Massa!" he whispered, in English, which, though his chief acquirement at Jamaica, he seldom used: "Massa, there bery much danger in dis sip; gib me little word, and it go overboard. Dat black feller (not in skin, but in toggry) mean mischief to massa.

"He is one pries," the negro continued, after a short pause, in which he watched attentively for any sound that might betoken a listener; "he is one pries, or what dem people at Haiti call Butio; and he hab little Zeme,* what we say fetish, in his

* The people of the New World, when first discovered, were supposed to have no religion; but it was soon found that they had a regular priesthood named *butios*: that they believed in a supreme Being, without father; offspring of a mother only. They held this Being in such awe, that they only worshipped him through certain idols called *Zemi*. These *Zemi* had houses apart, one to each family. Each individual, also, had a *Zemi* if he chose; to this office he might elect any favourite animal. Dogs, parrots, and other creatures were the *Zemis* of Haitians, and regarded by them with veneration when elected.

cabin. Ver' bad fetish ; him tell him much wicked ting. He pray to him, and call him Saint Nick." [Dominic, probably.]

"My good Ghorka," replied Alvaro, "what has this fetish or Butio to say to me ? or how comes it to terrify your bold heart ?"

"Ah, massa !" whispered the poor negro, "my heart berry bold agin what I can stab or 'tick, or kick agin ; but de dam little fetish, dat say noting yet tell pries eberyting, fright me berry great deal. De pries tell me one, two little ting, and make me seem to tell him mush ; and after little talkee, him tell me all about massa, and said if it not true ? and he bid me tell no one, or fetish Nick, who tell him eberyting, will go down me troat, and 'tick very much in gizzard till Ghorka die. Ah ! Ghorka feel him now ; but Ghorka must tell massa all, and den dam fetish do him worst."

The negro proceeded at great length to say that the friar had been making many diligent inquiries about Alvaro ; that he had

made out from poor Ghorka that his master had been wrecked from a French ship, and seemed thereby to have caught a clue, by means of which he had told Ghorka many things that he could not deny, believing them to be an inspiration of the fetish. In short, by a sort of instinct, he saw that the friar had designs not favourable to his master, and the negro concluded by imploring permission to throw him overboard the first opportunity.

Alvaro laughed at his servant's fears, and dismissed him with injunctions to comport himself peaceably and respectfully towards the proprietor of the obnoxious fetish, to whose agency the negro did not scruple to attribute the late storm.

When Ghorka had retired, however, Alvaro reflected deeply on his information. It occurred to him that the ever-watchful Inquisitors might have obtained some clue to his identity, and he could not help suspecting that the ecclesiastic's mission to

Carthagena was connected in some manner with his own fate.

The next morning he took occasion to address the Spanish officer, and to inquire from him what his business was in Carthagena, and whether it was essential for him to proceed thither, as he had some intention of making another port. The officer referred his questioner to the friar, upon whom, he said, he had been appointed to attend, on some affair of which he was in utter ignorance. Alvaro believed that he spoke truth, and observing the friar just ascending from his cabin, he announced to him a change in his intentions, and that he feared he should be obliged to land him at Jamaica, where he had some commercial business to transact. The friar declared that he also had changed his intentions, which now were to return to Spain; and that he hoped Alvaro, as a true Catholic and faithful subject of his king, would give him a passage thither. Alvaro replied,

that he would think of it, and turned away to greet the Englishwomen, in whose society he soon forgot everything else, even to alter his course for Jamaica.

Two more happy days passed by. There are no circumstances more favourable to such conversations as he now hourly held with his fair charges, than the delightful leisure and isolation we enjoy while sailing over smooth seas in summer weather. There are no distractions, there is no dissonance; all is in harmony, and hearts lie dangerously open.

It was almost with dissatisfaction that at length Alvaro heard the cry of "Land!" but it was only a momentary feeling. His pilot pronounced the land to be the promontory of Osthook, the northernmost point of what is now called the Island of Curaçoa. The ship was ordered to stand for the shore, and as soon as she had come to an anchor, the boat was lowered, and Alvaro civilly invited the friar to accompany him to land. At the same time, he

gave the Spanish officer his choice of accompanying his reverence or not, as he confessed that he was not intended to return. The friar argued angrily against such treatment to a commissioner from the Spanish crown. Alvaro replied, that if he would favour him with a sight of his commission, he would take him to his destination. The friar hesitated, and finally, without further parley, entered the boat with his officer. The wounded buccaneer asked for permission to accompany them, and was likewise rowed ashore. This transaction being over, the boat was taken on board once more, and the ship's course was laid for Carthagená.

CHAPTER XVI.

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dress'd in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue vein'd feet unsandal'd were,
And mildly glitter'd here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, t' was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !

COLERIDGE.

WHILE the chief of the house was thus employed at sea, the business at home went on in the usual routine. Ships arrived in the Bocca Chica, and poured their wealth into the great merchant's stores. Swarthy half-naked porters swarmed about the docks in busy gangs. Pulleys creaked and chains rattled beneath the weight of costly bales.

Within, the large counting-house was filled with clerks, desks, and ledgers. A perfect flutter of pens fanned the air that sighed in languidly through the large open windows; bearing on its breath a faint geranium perfume, mingled with that of cinnamon and vanilla,—yea, and likewise of hides, and tallow, and reeking negroes. Inside the larger room was a smaller one, furnished in the simplest manner with plain wooden chairs and two plain tables, at which was seated the reputed second partner of the house. Paterson was a man of grave and firm, yet mild aspect. He was now scarcely thirty years of age, yet care and earnest thought had hurried on the traces of severer years. The hair had already receded from his high smooth forehead, but dark and plentiful eyebrows shadowed his sunken clear blue eyes, which intemperance had never dimmed.

The thoughts of this lonely man never seemed to wander from the papers before him, except to glance at some maps and

charts ranged along the walls, probably illustrating the interests which he was there superintending. There he had witnessed, and in no small degree contributed to, the accumulation of enormous wealth; but he claimed no share in it. Alvaro always considered him and spoke of him as his partner, but this his unselfish spirit would not acknowledge. In order to avoid dispute, he took care that the question never should be raised, and meanwhile he contented himself with the modest income of a chief clerk. He never regarded wealth but as an instrument for promoting the common good, the mere agency of which was to him its own reward. The only strictly personal hope of happiness he had ever known was long since dead within him; and there is no such promoter of the happiness of others as one who has no longer any of his own to occupy his thoughts.

This singular man was sitting as we have described, when a confused noise

attracted his attention. Of all the clerks in the adjoining room, he then observed that not one was at his post: all were crowded round the windows, and at length one of them announced the general belief that Alvaro's ship was just then returning into harbour.

Such was indeed the case: her boat had already landed, and in another moment Alvaro grasped his hand. He explained in a few words the reason of his return, and told him of the guests he had entertained on board in such terms as made the heart of Paterson beat quick. He pointed out the ladies as they were advancing from the quay, and inquired whether his friend would surrender for their use his house upon the Bocca Chica: adding that they would naturally be more at their ease there than in his palacio. Paterson's eyes followed the direction of Alvaro's eager glance, and he suddenly became deadly pale. He staggered backward to his chair and sank slowly on his knees, burying his

face in his hands. "And was it come to this?" he thought. "Were his prayers at length answered, and thus? That he should again behold his long-lost Alice, and find her again beloved, and by a friend?" for with a lover's quickness he perceived how much Alvaro's mind was occupied with his guests; and with a lover's superstition he believed it impossible for any one to know Alice and not to love her.

But this paroxysm of feeling, however acute, soon yielded to his habitual self-command. He resumed his natural deportment, and told Alvaro that he already knew the lady whom he saw, and that all he had was at her disposal: that he rejoiced to find Alvaro had offered the strangers the house of their countryman, as they would not, he was sure, have consented to occupy any other. It was now Alvaro's turn to feel jealousy, with him a very different passion. He seized his partner's arm, and hurried out into

the verandah, which the object of Alvaro's admiration had already reached, and was there sheltering herself beneath its wide shadow from the burning sun. Her companion, more anxious or hesitating, had paused outside to await Alvaro's return. They had both preserved complete silence as to Tinwald; fearing misconstruction from a stranger in what was, under any circumstances, a delicate position.

When the two partners presented themselves in the verandah, Alvaro observed with joy that Isobel's hasty glance was withdrawn from Tinwald as from a stranger, and met his with a look of inquiry. When Tinwald's name was mentioned, she frankly presented her hand to him, saying, —

“Ah! this is, then, the gentleman whom we wanted to see so much,—I mean, who was to transact our business; is it not, Alice?”

Then Alice came forward, and she

and Tinwald met, to a stranger's eye, as if they had been old but formal friends. The Moresco observed the staid meeting with wondering eyes; and then, with infinite satisfaction, proposed to accompany them to his friend's house, which they consented to occupy until a suitable one of their own could be prepared. They were with some difficulty prevailed upon to enter the palanquins that waited for them, and old nurse Janet absolutely refused "siccan onchristian-like" accommodation. At length the party reached a long covered way that led to Tinwald's modest dwelling. None of the usual Carthaginian magnificence was visible there; but there was the usual fountain, and it cast its refreshing spray on collections, made with infinite care, of heather and harebells, and even daisies and thistles, substituted by the Scot for the usual glow of fragrant flowers. The humble exotics looked faint and drooping, it is true; but never, when treading their luxuriance

under foot on their native hills, had the loveliest wild flowers so charmed the forlorn wanderers as did these poor types of home in a far distant land. They inspired at once a home-like feeling, and old Janet was in raptures. Their host, too much gratified, and far too happy to use many words, hastened to recruit his small establishment with such servants as they might require; and the two cousins were left to repose after their fatigues. Partan soon afterwards arrived with their small possessions from the ship. He had been detained on the way by Tinwald, who, with some sort of disappointment, learned that business was indeed the main, if not the only inducement for the voyage that Alice had just performed.

“T’wad hae been o’ sma’ use my coming my lane,” added Partan, “for weel I ken, I shall never return to Scottish land; sae even if I culd hae left the puir bairns at Sandilee, and come till you, it wadna hae availed. Nay, nay, Tinwald, dinna try to

dree the doom that is on me. I hae been sair sick, tho' I'm stranger the now; but whether by steel or sickness or saut water, my race is rin, since I crossed the says. But my duty is dune, too, and sae I dinna care. The bit bairns 'ill now find a far better friend in you, than a broken auld carle like mysel' culd ever hae been to them." As he spoke, the old sailor angrily drew his hand across his eyes to wipe away the treacherous tear that had started into them; not for his own doom, which he thought was sealed; but for the "bairns" who became hourly more dear to him.

"But what will this mean?" he continued, after a few minutes' pause, as soon as he could trust his voice to have resumed its gruffness of tone. "Here is the screed o' paper that has brought us sae far (besides the wish to see you Master Willie): I'm na scholard mysel', and it's only by Mistress Alice's larin' I made it out, as far as it *can* be made out."

Tinwald took the paper and considered

it attentively. At length he said, with a melancholy smile that he could not entirely repress,

“This is quite in character with our poor old friend. His mind, ever since that unlucky evening when you spoke of the Deadman’s Isle, had been running upon buried treasure, until at last he began to think that burial was a sort of rite that was due to money. I remember now that he told me he had not learned confidence in any one alive sufficient to entrust his savings to their hands; and that he had resolved to bury them, as the wise old buccaneers were wont to do. I laughed at his notion; but he persevered in it very solemnly, and said that if anything happened to him, I should find he had not been jesting on so serious a matter. But that is all the light I can throw upon the subject.”

“And it’s no sma’ licht neither,” rejoined Partan; “the puir auld man seldom stirred ayont his doors after you went away.

But twa or three times after he had got moneys, he wad be very restless for a day or sae, like a hen that wants to lay an egg; and then he would hobble (as I heard) out intil the kail-yard in the gloamin', and was well nigh killed by each attempt to do't. An' at last, when he received the mortgage money out o' the sales o' the Manor-house, he took one mair walk, and then he sickened on't for the last time."

"You have, probably, solved this riddle," Tinwald replied; "and I dare say we shall find some signs upon the paper to mark the spot. But now you ought to go on your way to Mistress Alice. Send for anything they may require, after me, to Don Alvaro's palace, you will easily find the way: it lies yonder, with a tower and gardens."

"I ken the way unco weel, and sae does Lawrence;" muttered the old buccaneer, as he resumed his march towards Tinwald's house, along the very cliff where Marina had lingered but a fortnight before. A

sudden recollection struck the old sailor, and he called after Tinwald.

“ I forgot to tell you,” he resumed ; “ that the captain’s no dead, as ye thought.”

“ Not dead,—and you know it ? ” exclaimed Tinwald.

“ He’s no dead,” repeated the old sailor, “ and I doubt if ever he wull be ; I hae seen him in auld times gang through wi’out injury what wad hae killed a dizzen ither folk ; and within the last fortnight, I shot him mysel’ wi’ a siller button, and saw him struck wi’ an axe, besides, that ought to have cloved his skull. It was he, I tell you, that commanded the sma’ pirate thing that attacked our ship. I war’ laid up in my hammock wi’ sair sickness, and knew nought on’t till the firing began, and I heard the battle cry (well I knew it) of Lawrence as he boarded. Weel, I crawled out o’ my hammock, and tuk up a dead man’s pistol, and put a siller button in it (for I ken’d that lead wad do nothing to

the like o' him), and fired ; and I shot him through the legs, my aim bein' unsteady,—and but for that shot, and the bullet bein' siller, he wad no hae lost his prize, or yon gran' Span'erd's ship either ; though the Don fought like a fury, it must be confessed, and was as kind after as a child. Weel, when I had gi'en my shot, I fell back in a swoond, and found myself, when I woke up agin, in your Span'erd's ship. Sae Lawrence is abroad agin, and was landed at Osthook three days syne, and he pritty lively. I'm glad on't for my part ; for I wad na hae raised a hand agin him but for the bairns' sake ; though he *did* think to drown me in Solway, as I minded weel whin I was sick, and a clear memory came back to me in the lang wakefu' nights."

Tinwald was somewhat troubled at this intelligence, though he had grieved for the bold buccaneer when he thought of him as fairly dead. But Marina's story had separated him conclusively from Alice ; and

even if Tinwald's knowledge of a buccaneer's true character had not influenced him, he no longer felt any scruple about supplanting him. Accordingly, he proceeded in the evening to meet her with as much confidence as his nature would permit.

In their native country the fair wanderers would have sought shelter from the breeze, and seated themselves in the sunniest spot; now they felt how far distant they were from home, when they avoided the sunshine as an enemy, and sought every cooling breath of air as a pleasant friend. The sun was sinking into a glorious pile of clouds, and the sea-breeze, awakening with the evening stars, began to steal over the waters, and to soothe the earth after the fiery trial it had so long endured. All nature revived at the same time, like the household of the Sleeping Beauty at the magic kiss. Trees rustled, birds sang, waves murmured, flowers expanded and breathed out their

long imprisoned odours. Man roused himself to exercise ; woman awoke to the great business of *her* life ;* fans fluttered, muslins rustled, and sweet voices began the pleasant objectless talk, which ripples and sparkles from their tongues, as the spray does in a ship's wake, and leaves as little trace behind it.

Beneath the verandah of Tinwald's house, sat Alice and Isobel, who had revived, like the American world around them, from the universal *siesta*. While they had been resting, all the luxuries that Alvaro could imagine for them had been provided by the efforts of a hundred slaves. They had closed their eyes upon the plainest furniture, and the simplest arrangements of a bachelor's *ménage* ; they awoke to a display of magnificence such as they had never even dreamed of. Delicious flowers bloomed in the costliest vases ; transparent draperies, embroidered

* That is, in Spanish America. Of course the author does not allude to England, or even to France.

exquisitely with gold, now floated over the plain whitewashed walls ; mats of rich texture and most delicate colours concealed the rough stone floors ; perfumed water played in the fountain ; and gold and enamel contrasted with ebony and mother-of-pearl, shone in such gracefully shaped furniture as fairies might enjoy the use of, if they could become corporeal.

Isobel looked round her with pride, as well as with delight. She felt that all this bright magical change had been effected for her sake ; and the splendour would have appeared to her to fade at once, if the sentiment with which it was associated had been removed.

Alice was very differently affected by all that she now beheld. To her, the manly simplicity of the house, as they had first found it, was far more attractive ; in *that* there was character ;—in this there was mere upholstery. The unpretending Pater-son assumed new interest in her eyes ; the magnificent Alvaro sank in proportion.

But the singularly assorted friends were now approaching, as was announced by a gigantic black slave, who came to know if their visit would be acceptable.

Alice and her fair cousin reclined, (it is impossible and unnatural to *sit* bolt upright in the tropics,) on a low and long and wide divan, that looked out from beneath the widely-eaved house upon the water. Finding that, for once, their impressions did not harmonize, each sat in silence, thinking her own thoughts, and awaiting with very different anticipations the arrival of the two friends.

There was scarcely a greater contrast between the two partners,—the humble-minded Christian Scot, and the proud, chivalrous Moresco, than between the two cousins, who were henceforth to be involved in their destiny. Alice was black-haired and darkly-eyed, and her pale cheek looked paler from the long lashes that were now generally downcast, and seemed to throw a shadow over them. The wild and

wayward and arch beauty of Sandilee had been chastened by sorrow, and sobered into very pensive moods ; for the mind, like the willow, once bent downward, continues to expatiate in the same direction : once the natural happiness and high spirit of the heart are gone, they are seldom recoverable. But Isobel was still buoyant with life, and rejoicing in all its myriad hopes that dance like bright-winged insects in the sunshine of the young and innocent mind. Romance and enthusiasm still gave a glowing lustre to her eyes, and converted into innumerable pleasant allegories all the changing scenes of life. Her cheeks' rosy colouring, and the fair hair that massed itself "into clouds and sunshine over her angel brow," appeared of supernatural beauty in the Moresco's eyes ; and through the brightest sallies of her conversation there were glimpses of a deeper sentiment and a more solemn fancy, which deeply impressed his imagination. He had observed her sometimes in the midst of a merry laugh,

when by chance the mystery of another world was alluded to, suddenly become grave and thoughtful, fix her blue eyes upon their kindred sky, and appear for a few moments tranced in unutterable thought. He felt oppressed, he scarcely knew why, at such times; and a vague feeling of jealous fear that she loved something mightier than him would then come over him like a darkness. He knew, from long and anxious conversations with Pater-son, how wide a difference there was between himself and any Christian soul in one respect; and he knew that all sympathies between Isobel and himself must be bounded by the narrow time and space of this mortal life.

All this was then unknown to her, however. She could not, with all her vividness of imagination, conceive the situation of an immortal soul ignorant of, or denying its immortality. And when, at last, the possibility of such things forced itself on her

mind, she shuddered and believed it ; but still she found it unintelligible.

They met now, and for this time at least, no such cloud or fear obscured their mutual happiness. They retraced all the incidents of their voyage ; they talked of the strange, bright, dreamy new world in which they found themselves. Isobel had very wonderful things to relate to Alvaro of her native land, and Alvaro had still greater marvels to relate of his tropical home. But the curious world of life that peopled the air, and earth, and ocean round them, had little real interest for Isobel. All life, all strength, all beauty, all intelligence, appeared to her to be concentrated in that one comely form that stood beside her, — within that majestic brow, — within those clear dark eyes. Every word he spoke to her was eloquent : not only the vast continent, with its immeasurable forests and ocean lakes, appeared great in his description ; but the spectral shark, the vampire bat, and the

howling baboon, assumed something of romantic interest;—probably the insinuating jigger himself, and the very land-crab would have become invested with a grace in the sonorous but sweet words of the eloquent Moresco. Let us not wonder that they could speak of such things at such a time. They had both an instinctive fear of speaking their real thoughts; and exclusive of them, one subject was as agreeable as another, and equally a medium of happiness to the ear.

Very different was the conversation that passed between Alice and her long-sought and cherished friend. The narrative of her life was simply and truthfully given, except, perhaps, that she laid more stress upon the worldly motive of her long voyage than was altogether justifiable in the eye of impartial truth. She carefully avoided allusion to anything that had ever passed between them in their younger days. She carefully repressed (as she had learned by hard experience to do) all signs of feeling;

and Tinwald found himself treated as a mere man of business,—as the merchant of Carthagera, and in nowise as the Willie of Sandilee. All the tender visions he had begun to cherish must again be set aside; he must now regard their object merely as an unprotected orphan, whom it was his duty to befriend! As his changed thoughts expressed themselves on his countenance, which Alice was watching intensely, notwithstanding her downcast eyes, she continued, in a more soothing voice,—

“You will not think me too forward (as once you did) if I tell you that I passed much time with your father in his latter days; and I much fear that the good laird was a little hardly dealt with,—I mean in the matter of the money that he had from my poor father,—who, if he had been clearer in his mind, would not have left me your debtor, as I know I am. Partan tells me that you will probably be able to furnish me with means to repay my debt, and most gladly will I do so.”

Tinwald well knew that old Tam had cheated his father in no small degree, besides charging him the most usurious interest; but he would have allowed himself to be beggared, before he had attempted to recover any of his patrimony from the orphan, whose guardian he now felt that he was constituted. •It was very trying to a man of keen sensibilities to find himself, after so long an absence, with the woman to whom he had devoted his whole heart; and to discover that the topic selected by her was one that would have better suited a solicitor of another stamp. He endeavoured to turn the thoughts, or rather the words, of Alice into a new channel, observing, with some of the freedom of an old acquaintance, that the only subject on which it was possible for her to give offence was that to which she had thus alluded. “Forward!” he continued; “how could you, all delicacy and refinement, apply such a word, even in jest, to yourself?”

A world of memories, connected with the

old castle of Caerlaverock and the porch of the Peel-house, rushed back upon her mind as Alice replied,

“ I am glad we now know each other more truly than we did in former days.” There was nothing in these words, except an arch though timid reproach : but in the look that accompanied them,—full of the unuttered thoughts that had filled each heart for many years,—there was a speech which repaid Tinwald for many a sore and self-denying struggle. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, he seized her hand. It was instantly withdrawn ;—the haughty and coquettish spirit of other times for a moment repossessed Alice : she could not resist the temptation of making *him* feel what once she felt ; and, besides, she recollected the delicacy of her position as his self-invited guest.

“ I fear you will again misunderstand me,” she said, coldly ; “ and that I may be trespassing too long upon your time with my small affairs. Perhaps in a day or two

you will find leisure to renew the subject ; and this being disposed of, that you will advise with us on the best means of returning to poor Sandilee.”—Oh, Alice ! was this woman’s magnanimity ? Had the high-hearted man who stood before you yielded to his own natural impulse long ago, you had not had such power to taunt him now : no wrong that man can commit towards woman is so unpardonable as that of caring more for her best interests than she may have done for her own. But it is only in woman’s *human* nature, after all, that such injustice lingers ; her *heavenly* nature appreciates it the more,—and the latter might have made itself heard in the softened touching tones of her last words, if he who listened had been less diffident than Pater-son. The taunt had told upon him deeply : —he recoiled on himself with shame, and the ardent speaker of a few moments before had collapsed, as it were, into the subdued and worn-looking workman.

“ It shall be so,” he said ; “ I have been

very wrong. I have presumed, perhaps, on a kindness which another altogether claims. Your wishes, lady, shall be now obeyed." A silence succeeded. Alice did not seem so grateful as she should have been for his acquiescence, and began to wonder fearfully whether some new ties might not have obliterated all remembrance of the love which she knew he had once cherished for her alone. Tinwald felt the awkwardness of the pause, and attempted timidly to withdraw. The eyes of Alice were moistened with a reproachful tear as she looked up to her too ceremonious companion.

"One word," she said, resuming something of her old loving petulance,—“one word more before you are so very thoughtful as to leave me. I have seen Lawrence!—yes, I have seen him within the last few days, more changed than I thought was possible without the alteration of the grave. I saw him, with a fearfully mutilated face, on the deck of your brave friend's ship. He recognized me, too, and muttered in

English, which no one else understood, as he was carried by : ‘ It was you who led me to this ; had you been kind and true I had now been happy and prosperous—look at me, and rejoice in your work !’ He was then lifted over the ship’s side, with a dreadful friar, into a small boat, and taken to the shore.”

A new surprise seemed to fill Tinwald’s mind. “ Surely,” he said, “ if any mortal was ever sent on earth to save, and heal, and comfort those they love, it is you ! What, then, could he, who was so happy in your confidence, mean by that accusation ?”

“ He never had my confidence,” said Alice, in a low voice. “ Once, it is too true, in an evil hour, when my heart was too torn to care what was done with it, I said I would be his ; but it was in bitterness and mockery, not in joy or truth, that I said so.”

As, in a dissolving view, the picture changes we know not how ; clouds and battlements and pomps of war fade away

into sunny landscapes, where pastoral scenes are smiling,—so the aspect and attitude and words of the long-parted lovers gradually changed. * * Before long Tinwald and Alice were walking along the cliffs, arm in arm, in perfect confidence and happy calm. Thoughts long treasured in the heart, and scarcely tolerated even there, now ebbed and flowed from one to another, in low deep tones—"too happy to be glad." There was no light but that of the stars, and the fireflies which seemed themselves like stars escaped and celebrating some jubilee of their own in merry dances.

Suddenly Alice started and gave a loud shriek. What seemed to her a wraith rose up and stood before her, shrouded all in white, with pale sunken features and eyes of unnatural brightness: for a moment those eyes glared upon her, and then the form passed away. Alice clung to Tinwald in her terror, but he seemed to be as paralyzed as she

was. His sensitive conscience was struck by the recollection of what had passed upon that very spot three weeks ago. Incredible as it now seemed to him, he felt that he had not repelled as sternly as he should have done, the loving fascination that then sought to win upon his spirit. He now saw Marina once more ; he had not known even of her illness, so secluded was his life, and the fearful change that had come over her lovely features appeared to him like a ghostly vision. His dream of happiness was once more dispelled ; he returned quickly, and almost in silence, to his house with Alice, muttering something about maniacs which he half feared was true.

CHAPTER XVII.

There lull'd by careless soft security,
Of the impending mischief nought afraid,
Upon her purple couch was Psyche laid,
Her radiant eyes a downy slumber seal'd ;
In light transparent veil alone array'd,
Her bosom's opening charms were half reveal'd
And scarce the lucid folds her polish'd limbs conceal'd.

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,—
Sweet sever'd lips ! while thus your pearls disclose
That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
The cruel presage of her future woes !
Lightly, as fall the dews upon the rose,
Upon the coral lips of that sweet cell
The fatal drops she pours. *Psyche.*

ALICE and Isobel were left alone amid the fantastic magnificence with which proud affection had invested their temporary home. They had both much to tell, but the imagination of Alice could dwell only on the

fearfully beautiful apparition she had seen, which she looked eagerly forward to the morrow to have explained.

“It is too true!” she said, in reply to her cousin’s doubts; “I could not be mistaken. She could not have belonged to this world, for a supernatural sorrow shone in her wild eyes. I believe that this strange bright world must be haunted by victims of the crimes that first won it from the gentle Incas. I could not, even if I would, believe that any being in this world, or beyond it, could look at Tinwald with reproachful eyes.”

Isobel wondered at her tranquil confidence, for in her own brief experience of love she had found it an intermittent fever of hope and doubt.

The morning came, and brought Alvaro; but he was alone. He explained that Tinwald had taken some Indians under his protection, and had obtained for them permission to trade in the else-forbidden precincts of Carthagena: that, on the preced-

ing night, the Governor of the city had sent for him, to say that some of these people had robbed a sort of caravansary, where they slept the night previously ; and had decamped to the forest, carrying off with their plunder two girls, daughters of the innkeeper. Troops had been dispatched after them ; but having found no trace of the ravishers, had returned. The citizens were in a state of high ferment and indignation, and called upon the Governor to make the English merchant responsible for their losses.

“ This would easily have been done,” continued Alvaro, “ and the price of the poor girls, also, paid to the full satisfaction of the parents ; but Paterson, who I never before saw really angry, did not look upon the women’s fate so coolly. He determined to pursue the Indians to their forest haunts, —with which he alone is acquainted ; and he was on horseback in an hour, and on their track. It may be some days before he returns. I need not make his apology, for

no one can feel more than I do the sacrifice that he has made to his sense of honour and humanity."

So the day passed, very lengthily and lonely for Alice. The Moresco was too chivalrous and delicately-minded not to shrink from intruding on his guests; who, in truth, required some repose, now that the fatigues of the voyage began to be more felt than during its continuance and excitement. Poor Partan, too, was again invalided; and his depressed belief in his own doom prevented him from rallying, as he might otherwise have done. The old Scotch nurse devoted herself to him with gratitude; and with that pleasure in nursing which is fortunately implanted in most women's natures, and increases with their age. At the request of the fair travellers, all the slaves had been removed, except one, who acted as porter and guard at the outer door; and so the house was left to repose, almost as complete as when Tinwald had inhabited it.

Alice and Isobel had made very vigorous resolutions against yielding to the indolence which the climate of New Spain inspired ; and for the first day they succeeded in resisting the sleepy influences that call for the *siesta* in these lands. But the second day, Isobel falling under the nurse's *régime*, kept her bed, and Alice found her time pass very heavily. She sat alone, with European uprightness, in a saloon open on both sides to the air. She had possessed herself of one of Paterson's few books, — a volume of Scottish divinity, which she thought must be edifying enough to assist her in keeping awake. She was determined to do battle with the climate.

Thus she strove valiantly against the sleepy influences which all the natives of the South invite. But in vain she sat uprightly on the cool white cushions, and tried to fix her attention on the pages of the Scotch divine. Her soft, bright eyes refused the dull office, and wandered un-

consciously away to the variegated hangings of the room, the lizards on the outer wall, the blue sea, or the mountains afar off. Then her eyelids would droop for a moment, re-open with a start, and quivering close again over the dark orbs within.

No wonder that the poor lady yielded to the influence beneath which whole armies have ceased from deadly strife, to return to it when the *siesta* had had its sway. No wonder that she could not resist the mesmeric power of the gentle airs that softly and silently passed across her bosom, stirring, almost imperceptibly, the long wavy hair that floated down her shoulders. And all around her was the dead stillness and calmness of a tropic noon, far more solemn and more silent than any hour of the night. The great city itself was as stilly as its cemetery: the very insects were at rest; and the Scottish maiden gradually succumbed to the *siesta's* universal law.

Yet not universal; for within a few yards

of the sleeping girl, vengeance lay concealed in as beautiful and fierce a form as the tiger near his prey. There, only hidden by some myrtles, stood Marina, though wasted with sickness, still superb in her beauty and despair. Her full bosom heaving hurriedly; her cheek now pale, now crimson; her lips white, and quivering: her large dark eyes alone were motionless, though their glimmering lustre made them seem to move. With a look of intense hatred, the Spaniard gazed upon her destined victim. There was scorn too in that look, which seemed to say, "And is it for that insipid child that Marina is rejected?" The pride of beauty, the sense of her own luxurious majesty of form, at that moment thrilled through her thoughts; as the vision of her charms presented in a mirror a standard of comparison with the artless girl before her. But that triumphant sense passed instantly away. Of what avail was all the beauty of earth against the sorcery of yon delicate rival's loveliness!

“ And lovely, alas, she is ! ” muttered her enemy, as she glided swiftly from her concealment, and stood beside Alice, now utterly resigned to deep, delicious slumber ; “ — lovely as the northern saint to whom I used to pray. But it is the mere pure beauty of a child, after all ! Can a great passion find place within that slender form ; or love’s ethereal fire exist within that snow ? No ; it is but a sentiment—a superstition of love—that the brave Englishman is enslaved by. He *cannot* love that still, white thing as he would love me. If I break the spell that binds him to her I shall but set him free, and enable him to soar to happiness that now he does not dare to dream of.”

So saying, the Spaniard approached still nearer to the sleeper, and drew from beneath her loose large gown a green branch that seemed covered with dew. As if restrained by some momentary compunction, she laid it aside, however, and gazed, almost sadly, on poor Alice.

“It is a lovely face,” she repeated,—“so placid, so resigned! If I were a man, I should relent, and leave those closed eyes to open on the face that is now before them in her dreams.”

Her aspect changed suddenly with that thought. She seized the branch, and with the air and gesture of a sybil, she waved it slowly over the sleeper, shedding its moisture almost imperceptibly upon her face. The poor girl felt its noxious influence, and tried uneasily to turn her face away. But Marina sternly persevered until the expression of increasing pain in the countenance of her victim warned her to retreat. Then she glided out into the open air, and Alice woke suddenly and found herself alone.

Her cheeks seemed on fire, her eyes felt scorched: she clasped her hands upon her face, and withdrew them with a shriek of pain that brought Isobel and the old nurse instantly to her assistance. They recoiled in dread: they scarcely recognised the

countenance so lately beaming with intelligence and beauty. It was now fearfully swollen and discoloured—like a frightful mask.

Alice lay for hours in dreadful suffering. All the leechcraft of the city tried in vain to guess even the cause of her affliction. No application to soothe it could be used, for the slightest touch was agony to her.

At length Alvaro heard of her misfortune and flew to her bedside. Never had he appeared to such advantage in the eyes of Isobel! All the tenderness of his nature was revealed; the gentlest sympathy was united with the manly self-possession that so dignifies the surgeon's noble art. Then the knowledge that he had long and painfully sought after long ago, rewarded all his labour by one of his least-regarded discoveries. After a few minutes' anxious examination of the sufferer, he whispered a word of comfort to Isobel and departed. Scarcely had his horse's hoofs ceased to

ring in the distance, when they were heard again; he was again at the sufferer's side. He held a vial to her lips and nostrils, and her convulsive breathings ceased; she grew gradually calm, and in a few minutes the gentle heaving of her breast proved that she slept as calmly under her disfigured and still festering features, as when it was a joy to look upon them.

Then Alvaro gave himself to a different task, and looking upon the attendants, demanded by what assassin this crime had been committed. Composed in outward show, there was a fierce trouble in his eyes, and an alteration in his tone of voice that made those who heard him tremble. At first no one answered him, but when one slave found utterance, a dozen tongues were loosed at once; for several labourers had been employed outside the house in making new gardens.

“The Señora was alone; no one could have approached her; some insect or some serpent must have stung her.”—“There, in

the saloon, she was reading," said the nurse, "on those very cushions."

Alvaro strode over to the spot; examined it carefully, and could detect no trace of any noxious thing. At length he observed a small green leaf, which had fallen from the fatal branch; this he glanced at for a moment and then flung into the fountain.

"Some mortal enemy has done this," he exclaimed; "yet what enemy could Alice have? You know," he said to Isobel, "that our country here abounds in poisons, as well as in all healing balsams. This poor lady has been poisoned with a branch of a tree called the *mancinilla*, which, gathered with the dew upon it, blights everything near it, like the fabled *upas* tree. We must try to heal her, and then to revenge."

Isobel shuddered to perceive that the last was the more active hope of the two. Nevertheless, for hours and days, with sleepless ardour and the gentlest persever-

ance, Alvaro watched over his patient. All that learned lore, or the traditional skill of the native Indians could impart, was brought to bear upon Marina's victim, and finally with success. Her sufferings ceased, her features resumed their form; but her delicate bloom, her lustrous beauty was gone for ever.

Alvaro's suspicions rested on Marina as the instigator of the crime, and on the negro who kept his friend's door, as her agent. This slave had been spending money with the recklessness characteristic of those people when they are suddenly enriched.

The man was seized and scourged with wire-plaited thongs. In vain, as the black strips of flesh flew from his back, he swore that he knew nothing; the vengeful lash searched deeper and found the truth. He confessed that Marina, and she only, had passed into the house, and that she had enormously bribed him to deny it. Alvaro was convinced, and in moody silence he

walked away from the scene of punishment to the house of Don Felipo.

He was told that Marina was indisposed ; but he did not heed, perhaps he did not hear, the message. He advanced swiftly to the apartment where he had last seen her. Regardless of all ceremony, he raised the curtain and entered the room unannounced. Marina, with nervous quickness of hearing, had recognized his footsteps, and the firm purpose they revealed. No longer languid or luxurious, she stood before him pale but firm, drawing her noble figure up to its full height.

“You come to denounce me,” she exclaimed in a low, plaintive voice, that almost startled her accuser by its unexpected tone. “I have only wondered at escaping you so long. Is she dead, that you have time to look for me ?”

“If she were,” replied Alvaro, sternly, “by all that’s above heaven or beneath it,—that dainty head of yours should roll

upon the scaffold, before her true heart was cold within its shroud ! ”

Marina only smiled disdainfully, as she exclaimed,

“ Why, then, are you here ? If death is the worst that you can threaten, think not that I fear you.”

“ *I* threaten not,” replied Alvaro ; “ but as a citizen, I announce to you that your life is even now forfeited. Nevertheless, I believe that you will expiate your most cruel crime more bitterly in life than death. As yet, your having committed that crime is a secret to all but me. Depart this night, swear never to behold this country more, and you are safe. A ship of mine sails, or shall sail, for Cuba, before sunrise. Decide.”

“ O, send me not away ! ” cried the Spaniard, at last unnerved : “ I implore you, do not banish me. Give me time. Let me but see *him* once before I go : believe me — even me — that I am less guilty than I seem. You know not my

provocation. Let me see him once more, and then dispose of me as you will. All the earth is now the same to the forlorn Marina ! ”

“ I have given you your choice,” repeated Alvaro, coldly. “ Public denunciation and the scaffold, or self-exile, is your only alternative.”

“ Enough,” exclaimed Marina, recovering all her self-possession ; “ I will stay. My punishment cannot be immediate : I shall see *him* before I die ! ”

The Moresco had some difficulty in dissembling his admiration of a courage and devotion so lofty, though so misplaced.

“ Had this woman loved *me* thus before I knew Isobel,” thought he, “ I would have worshipped her. Poisoner, murderess as she is, she shall not die.”

In his sympathy for her resoluteness, he did not suspect that she displayed only obstinacy and selfishness, inflamed to a sort of madness by her natural temperament.

He waited for some minutes to try if her resolution would waver ; but he soon saw that her enthusiasm had settled down, and petrified, as it were, into a despair that defied all further sorrow. Thus they parted.

Soon afterwards, down in the harbour, there was a bustle on board the Buena Fortuna's deck, and eager hands and voices hurried on the manifold preparations that are necessary for a voyage.

A few hours later, just as the inhabitants of Carthagena had sunk to rest, the household of Don Felipo was roused by a cry of " Fire ! " Through thick volumes of smoke the alarmed inmates rushed into the street. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, there were many men at hand ; the fire was soon overcome, and the frightened and abashed women, gathering their night-robcs about them, retired once more to their chambers ; all but Marina, who was missing. The wing of the house where her apartments lay was utterly consumed, and

it was supposed that she had perished in the flames.

When day dawned, the Buena Fortuna might have been seen standing out to sea; nor did that good ship ever afterwards repass the Bocca Chica of Carthagena.

CHAPTER XVIII.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those days of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

* * * * *
Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee ;
Take, I give it willingly,—
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

From UHLAND.

IT is curious to consider the invisible threads of destiny by which each human being is bound to some other, who walks about, all unconscious of the influence which his spiritual being, or a mere abstraction of him, is exercising upon his fellow-beings. Let us look along a street, and contemplate the crowds that are there—

in hastening to and fro, each with his mind's eye fixed on some invisible object; but all, as far as the general effect is concerned, appearing as confused and unconnected as the denizens of a disturbed ant-hill. Each of the human forms there moving about, and vulgarized into vagueness by the monotonous dominoes of calico or muslin or broadcloth, and the mask of smiles or frowns—each of these creatures is haunted by some phantom, whom in turn *his* phantom haunts. He or she is never alone. Always some imaginary presence, whether cheerful or depressing, is with them; and that wonderful variety of expression of countenance which we behold, is caused by each wearer's unseen companions. Even when one man stops to greet another, his attention is not fixed on him alone; it is diverted by a host of invisible others, who are with him now, because they were with him, (either in the flesh or out of the flesh), when he was last met. This is the true source of the distrac-

tion that men experience in a crowd. As at the old Roman feasts, each summoned guest brought his "shadow," and oftentimes very many; so the imaginary world is peopled to overflowing, and our own phantom goes jostling on through a crowd of other phantoms until it is well weary.

But to account for this digression, which those only who can turn it to better account will pardon.—We have just seen one woman's beauty blighted, another's peace of mind and life or liberty bereaved, and a stout ship sailing away without a cargo; and all this on account of the phantom of a man; who, in the flesh, was in nowise connected with such passionate transactions. On the contrary, our Scotch friend was intimately occupied in tracking the ontology of his Indian allies, and dividing that interest with plans and figures of calculation. The phantoms that chiefly filled his roomy mind, when Alice was not there, were crowds of prosperous travellers passing to and fro along a phantom road,

between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great South Sea. Darien was ever in his thoughts, not excluding, but bringing with it the phantom of Alice, which haunted its imaginary hills and harbours; as well as accompanied him, like another Diana, in his chase.

“Forest” has with us a noble sound, and one full of interest, speaking of grandeur long sustained and uninvaded; lonely and solemn scenery; a goodly company of shadowy trees, that have looked down on our far ancestors. It is the asylum, too, of the beautiful creatures “of fur and feather,” whose pursuit gave delight to our boyish days, and pleasant exercise to our later lives; not a glade of it but has echoed to the beater’s merry shout, and the huntsman’s cheering halloo. But the true magnificence of the forest, though not its poetry, is to be found in America; especially in those countries that border on the equator. There, under the influence of an eternal

summer, Nature runs riot ; like a glorious and fantastic bacchanal, drunk with the rich juices of a virgin soil, and the warm fellowship of a meridian sun. There she makes for herself arborial bowers, whose lofty colonnades and flower-roofed aisles mock the dimensions of our stateliest palaces. Sometimes in her graceful phantasy, she tapestries the tall trees so richly with interwoven parasites (all a-bloom with purple flowers), that the forest is impenetrable : sometimes in a graver mood, she plants her towering trees at wide intervals, yet not so wide but that their branches interlace, and only admit a faint, green, quivering light upon the verdant turf below. Along those cool arcades the hunter can ride for miles at a gallop, and the hounds pursue their noble game breast high ; when suddenly they come upon a leafy barrier, a thicket, perhaps, where the “pine-apple burns like a topaz on its green calyx,” and over it waves the arborescent fern, tangled by flowering

creepers among bamboos and bananas, springing to a lofty height; but looking like a mere hedge, beneath the still more magnificent proportions of the ceiba and the palm tree.

In such a leafy labyrinth the chase, whatever it may be, is safe from human pursuit; for the instinct of the hound and the experience of man warns them of the deadliest dangers that lurk there.

Through scenery like this, rode Tinwald the night and day after he had left Carthagera. He travelled alone, for all the tribes were in friendship with the benevolent and courageous merchant who had often trusted himself and his treasure to the safe keeping of their native honour. He now felt deeply wounded at the breach of trust that had been charged against his wild allies, and he was resolved to bring back the stolen children, whatever it might cost him.

The subtlety of the Indians had made the approach to their encampment as

difficult as possible. Avoiding all the known routes, it was necessary for our traveller to steer himself by the pilot plant,* except when, at rare intervals, he could see the stars through the umbrageous foliage that overarches those primeval forests almost like a vegetable sky. He rode along silently, and absorbed by a thousand thoughts. Unseen by him, the fiery-hued flamingo flashed through the verdant gloom, and the gorgeous plumage of the tulcan and macaw diversified the rich dark masses of woods. Unseen by him, the beautiful but deadly serpents glided from his path, or hung and hissed among the parasites above him, hesitating to strike an unwonted prey. The bearded baboons hushed the mimic children at their hairy breasts, and pointed to that

* There is said to be a tropical plant, with one heart-shaped leaf larger than the others on the same stalk, which always, as it grows, points to the north, and is used by the natives as a compass. This is the more useful in the tropical forests, as there the traveller loses his usual director—the thickened bark, which is invariably on the northern aspect of the tree in higher latitudes.

strange thing, man, to still or to amuse them. The vexed moan of wild beasts, the vivacious chatter of excitable monkeys, the sweet song of the mocking birds, were all alike unnoticed. The traveller pressed forward, without eyes for anything but the few indexes of his route,—without thought for anything except his own reflections. But the mere animal sense of the ear, so to speak, has often a quick sense of apprehension, when the mind is too much absorbed to notice ordinary sounds. As the sailor will sleep calmly through the roar and tumult of the wildest storm, but the first sound of the boatswain's whistle will at once arouse him ; so Tinwald, who had long been moving on, regardless of the thousand discordances or harmonies around him, was suddenly aware of a light footfall on the grassy sward, and before he could turn round, an Indian had leaped up behind him on his horse, and wound his long arms about him. At that moment a crowd of others started from the wood

on either side, and presenting their lances, formed an impassable barrier in all directions. He was instantly taken from his horse and marched away in silence through the woods, the Indians following tumultuously, with anger and revenge lowering on every dusky brow.

At length they came to an open glade, surrounded by thick underwood, so as to form a natural amphitheatre. A long stake was already driven into the ground, dry brush-wood lay around, and the shrieks and screams of angry squaws were heard from among a crowd of savages surrounding a stern-looking chief. A way was made through the people for the prisoner, who advanced with a calm undaunted aspect to the place appointed him.

The Indian chief was a man of noble stature, to which a diadem of the golden feathers of the mocking-bird surmounted by two tall crimson feathers, added dignity. From him, the prisoner for the first time

learned his offence. He was addressed in a calm sonorous voice by the chief, whose dialect he very imperfectly understood: it appeared that the troops sent out from Carthagena in pursuit of the Indians had fallen in with this tribe, and had fired on them, killing one and wounding several. The Indians had afterwards lain in ambush to seize the first Spaniard who should issue from the walls, and they had tracked Tinwald to the spot where he was arrested. He was now to die.

Tinwald attempted to show that it was his love for the Indians that had led him into the forest; that he was then, alone and unarmed, in search of a tribe whose friend he had long been, and that he was ready to pay whatever ransom was required. The chief listened in scornful silence to all he had to say; then coldly observed, that “the white man had a big tongue but a little heart; and that all the wealth of Carthagena could not give back the blood of the braves that had been

shed." Finally, as if he had performed *his* part, he threw himself on the ground, and the other Indians proceeded to their task with wonderful dispatch and savage glee. Their victim was soon stripped and bound to the stake. His tormentors, lighting each a brand, danced round him in due religious form; and as they became excited with their exercise, gradually approached nearer and more near him; brandishing their torches in his face. Then suddenly a loud cry was heard, and one of the Indian women burst through the throng, flung the tormentors aside, ran up to him, and threw her arms round his body. Still clasping him, she turned her head to the chief; and claimed the victim for her husband, instead of the brave whom she had lost; for she was the widow of the slain Indian. The chief took his pipe from his lip and nodded; and Tinwald found his bonds suddenly loosened and himself dragged forward by his volunteering bride. The crowd gave way respectfully to the

affianced pair, and the rescued victim was soon seated under a palm-tree and formally presented with a pipe and a calabash of water.

All this scene had passed too rapidly to give the Scot time to think. As soon as he had sufficiently collected himself, he sturdily refused to be thus summarily wed; and was even ungallant enough to hint that it was better "to burn than marry," thus reversing a very ancient alternative. Perhaps at that moment, a recollection of the Border Scott and "Muckle-mou' Meg," may have flitted across his mind; but if it did, he was resolved not to imitate the forayer's choice of doom.*

* Scott of Harden, as most of my readers will recollect, was captured in one of his raids by a Murray who had three ugly daughters. Murray was about to hang up the bold invader at his doom-tree, when the wife interposed, and suggested that their prisoner might be turned to much better account. Scott, on seeing "muckle-mou'ed Meg," preferred the doom-tree, but on nearer acquaintance with it, revoked his choice. He married the lady, an excellent wife she made him; and a most worthy descendant of theirs now dwells on his ancestral lands at Philip-haugh.

But his bride and her people only smiled scornfully at his protest. The tribe was on the march, which was immediately resumed; the prisoner was allowed to resume some of his clothes, and his affianced made the rest up in a bundle and carried them dutifully on her head.

In this manner, Tinwald was marched along, closely watched, for three days; and then he found himself to his great pleasure by the sea. He knew that the tribe he had left home to seek, harboured near the coast, and he looked forward anxiously to his disenthralment from his bride, who hourly became more fond, as his aversion for her increased. He discovered, to his great contentment, that the tribe in whose keeping he was held, was on its way to join a grand "palaver," where many tribes were to meet, opposite the island of Zamba. Throughout the night preceding the savages' parliament, there was a considerable movement in the camp. Stranger Indians came and went, and long

councils and much smoking was transacted. Tinwald was kept close in his wife's wigwam; but towards morning, after some dispute, his guards made way, and a stranger crept in and squatted down beside him. There was scarcely any light, but in the voice that addressed him in broken Spanish, he recognised with great delight that of his old friend Andreas.

"I am come," said he, in a patronizing voice, "to visit the white man. I have much friendship with white man; and if he is not guilty, I will try to send him home."

Tinwald declared himself, and the Brave embraced him with a joy that momentarily overcame his native gravity. He called him by a hundred fond names, and reviled the savages who could have ill-treated the "Indian's friend;" a title by which Paterson was long honourably known. He told him, that being on a coasting voyage, he had landed in shelter of the island of Zamba,

to endeavour to obtain an interview with Alvaro, but that he feared falling into the hands of the Spaniards. He had heard from the natives that they had a white man in captivity, and, for his old friendship's sake, he had come to see him.

As soon as morning dawned, Andreas hastened to inquire about the friendly tribe, whom he soon found. They declared that they had been insulted, robbed, and outraged in Carthagera; and that, therefore, they had set fire to the caravanserai, and carried off the girls as hostages for one of their women, whom the Governor himself had taken from them. They professed devoted regard for Tinwald; and offered that very night to convey him back to Carthagera, if he would guarantee their safety there. All that Tinwald asked, however, was a divorce from his wife, whom he promised to "tocher" royally for a more deserving husband. Even this was arranged satisfactorily, though the squaw clamoured loudly for her unprofitable spouse.

The two Spanish girls were next restored ; but they had been so kindly treated, and enjoyed their Indian life so much, that they seemed scarcely grateful for their freedom. That night, however, Tinwald and they sailed for Carthagená, in the vessel which Alvaro's liberality had enabled Andreas to procure for himself.

As they sailed along down the coast, Tinwald looked back with wonder on the last few days, as if they had been a dream. Whenever he sunk into sleep, the cries of the savages, and the whimperings of his importunate wife, sounded in his ears. Dusky groups of savages seemed to dance wildly about in the tall dark woods ; and Alice presented herself to his eyes as bound to the fatal tree. He little knew how changed, in the meantime, her beauty had become : he saw her in his vision as lovely as ever ; and he tried to free her from the stake, when his nauseous squaw would suddenly interpose, and the horror of her touch awakened him.

At last the bark of Andreas glided into the harbour of Carthagera, and Tinwald was at once descried by one of the many slaves whom Alvaro, become anxious for his friend's safety, had set to watch by sea and shore. In a few minutes more they had met, and all that related to Marina was made known to the weary Scot by his sympathizing friend.

With what mingled feelings did another, who was more than friend, watch for his arrival! Poor Alice, in her most wayward and coquettish youthful days, had never been *very* proud of her beauty; but now that it was gone,—now that it had become like that of another being, she learned to admire it, to sigh after its vanished sweetness. Her eyes alone retained their beauty, that soft, thoughtful, soul-revealing expression, which sorrow cannot change, nor age dim. And sometimes she would look in the glass,—poor child!—into those eyes of hers, in search of comfort; but they would always fill with tears, so as to make her

whole face illegible. And still the phantom of her absent lover was by her side, and gazing on her. Oh, would that he would come in the flesh, for surely he would look less strangely on her !

Isobel, too, was changed in her manner towards her cousin. She was become a flatterer ; she, usually so plain-spoken, so exacting, was now perpetually giving utterance to honeyed phrases, and seemed to have no will but that of Alice.

“ You are looking quite like your dear old self to-day,” she said once ; and Alice burst into tears ; for she perceived that she was considered to require comfort.

And comfort came at last. (It is always on the road, though oftentimes it travels wearily and slow.) Alice was sitting alone in the early morning, trying to observe if the dawning light would reveal any change in the harbour—any arrival of the night before. She longed to know the worst ; she longed for the first glance to have scanned her altered features ; and then—

after her suspense was broken, — she thought that she could nerve her heart to anything that might follow.

The mist rose slowly from the harbour. Surely another ship is there! There is no longer a watery space where the *Fortuna* used to moor. The pathway to the harbour lay in a right line to that new ship; but, on account of the hill, it opened suddenly on the sight. It is occupied by two figures: one is the form of Alvaro; and the other, still wrapped in the seaman's mantle, is that of her lover. He scarcely listens to his friend's anxious communication. His eyes are fixed still fondly and hopefully on the porch where his Alice once greeted him. She is there, as before, but she hides within its shadow. In another moment it is all over. She is folded in his arms, and his brave, honest eyes are gazing on her as fondly — nay, as proudly — as when her loveliness made every heart its own.

END OF VOL. II.







